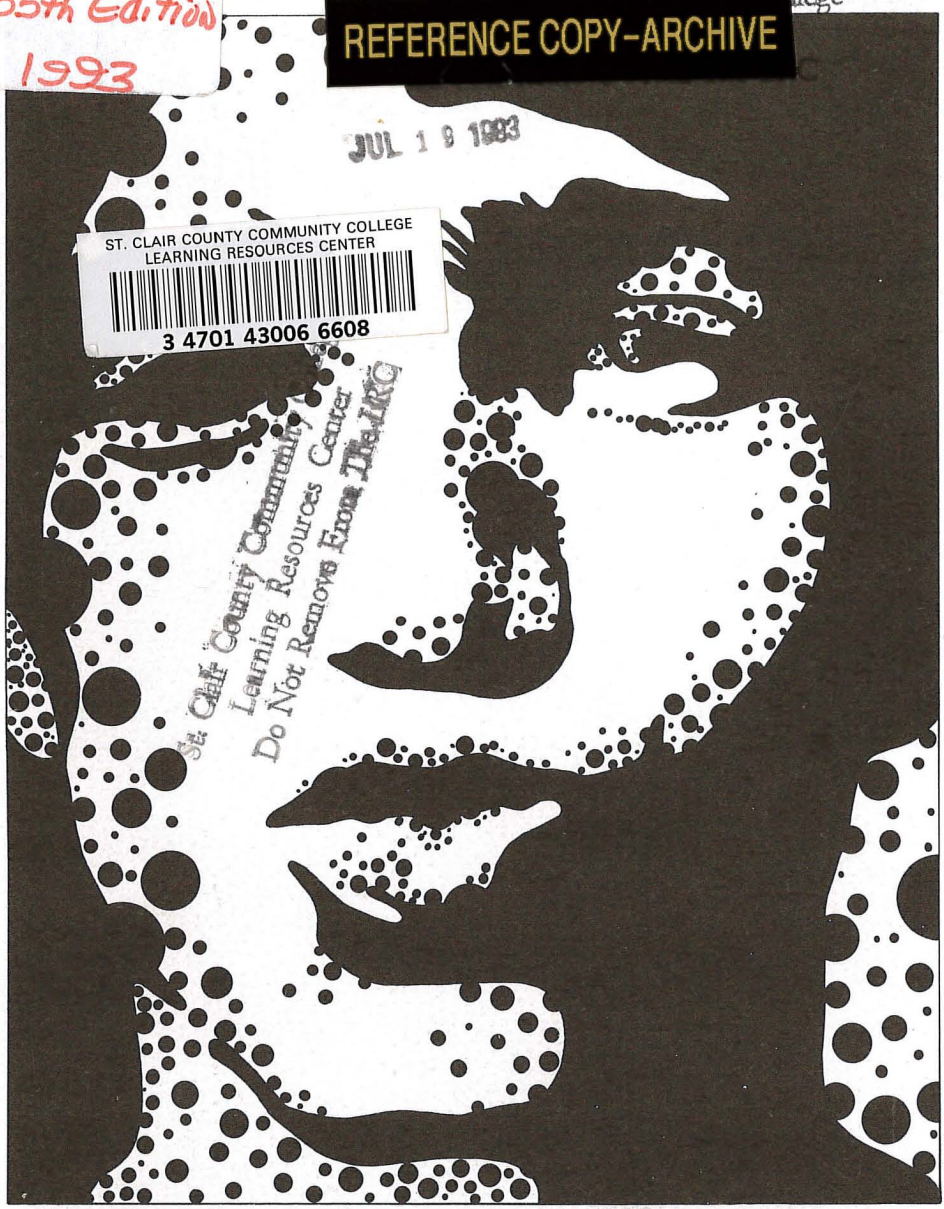
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ST. CLAIR COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE
LEARNING RESOURCES CENTER
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PATTERNS

35th Edition

JUL 1 9 1993

The 35th Edition
of
PATTERNS

A Publication of
St. Clair County Community College
Port Huron, Michigan

St. Clair County Community College
Learning Resources Center
Do Not Remove From The LRC

PREFACE

In the American past, the "little" or "literary" magazine has played an important role in the development of new writers and artists. In the early part of this century, literary magazines flourished both financially and artistically, offering new writers a large and avid audience. Unfortunately, as Speer Morgan, editor of The Missouri Review, notes in The Writer's Market, there are fewer and fewer places for aspiring artists and writers to find an audience: "It's a matter of numbers. There's just a limited number of really decent places to publish." Coffee House Press Publisher Allan Kornblum is alarmed by this trend. He says, "It's almost frightening when I consider how few opportunities there are for new writers to break into print."

In addition, the average lifespan of a new literary or arts magazine is less than four issues, as these types of magazines have become notorious financial burdens. In this era of belt-tightening and budget-cutting, it seems unlikely that Time-Warner will launch a literary magazine any time soon. There would seem to be no profit in doing so.

In the midst of this seeming decline of the literary and arts magazine, Patterns comes round again. For the 35th time, our "little" magazine produces a profit the likes of which no conglomerate has or can. The writers and artists of Patterns tickle our fancies, stir our souls, and, at times, hit us, hard, over the head. In an age in which so many lives seem numbed and dazed by technology and profit margin, that provocation found in reading Patterns is our inestimable profit.

This profit is the result of the efforts of the faculty and staff of SC4, and, most importantly, the artists and writers found in this edition of Patterns, who have struggled with brush and pen to fire our imaginations and rattle our souls.

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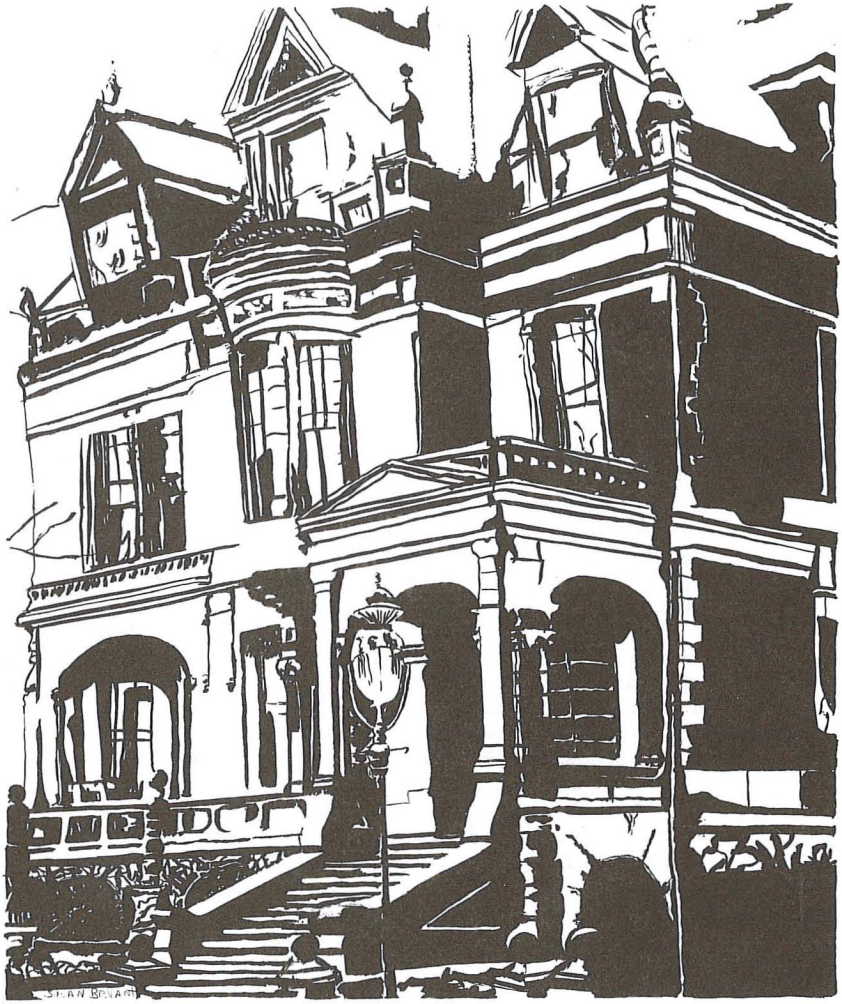
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ERRATUM

Artworks found on pages 48 and 91, entitled *Perspective* and *Dragon* were accomplished by Mike Stapleton and were mistakenly credited to others.



LAMPLIGHTER
Susan Bryant

Dedication
Gail Johnson

Gail Johnson has distinguished herself as an outstanding educator here at St. Clair County Community College. She has boundless enthusiasm for her subjects of literature and composition and that very enthusiasm is passed on to her students. Whether it be interpreting some Shakespearean lines, debating the role of women authors in the established literary canon, teaching a student how to better organize an essay, or waxing poetic over a clever metaphor, Gail lives up to the highest standards of her role as teacher. Gail has been committed to Patterns throughout her teaching career. For twelve years she was a reader and judge of Patterns' entries. As Chairperson of the English Department from 1987-1992, Gail was most supportive of the tremendous effort involved in putting each issue of Patterns together. Her introductions of the student winners at Patterns' receptions always reflected her personal interest in the individual writers. Patterns' writers and readers will miss Gail Johnson when she retires in May, 1993.



SILVER DOLLARS
Laura Ashley

The Richard J. Colwell Award

For over 25 years Richard J. Colwell taught English at PHJC/SCCCC, and for him every student became a special person, someone whose individual writing skills could be shaped with loving interest to help that student succeed whether in Richard's freshman courses, his technical writing classes, or his beloved creative writing class. He always looked into the students's own work to teach, his words of advice and his bold probing pen unearthing ideas and phrases to revise into something meaningful both to the writer and the reader. Richard delighted in story-telling, and he was one of the best on campus. He wrote right along with his students, openly sharing his work with them and his colleagues. After his retirement, he planned to spend more time writing, and he did. However, death intervened in February 1992.

In his memory this year, the Richard J. Colwell Award is being given to the student whose short story is determined by the judges to be the most innovative. Roy Seeger's story, "Take These Broken Wings," has been selected to receive this special designation. It is a story Richard would have loved to read: a story of conflict and myth-making with a resolution that takes flight in the fanciful imagination of its main character and its author.

Roy Seeger, like Robin Cash, recipient of the Mathews' award, is an art student who enjoys writing stories and poems. His artistic talents, his ability to visualize beyond what is observed in the world we all see and to conceptualize the possibilities of what might be, his fascination with the sound, texture, and color of language give his writing an exciting, innovative dimension. Through written and visual expression, Roy seeks to understand himself and the world he lives in and to share this unique vision with others who seek to know themselves and their world. Writers and artists are best known through their own words.

Hey Ma! Who Am I?

Roy
Philosopher, eccentric, demented artist
Son of Bob
Lover of nature, people, free booze, and artificial
preservatives I can't pronounce
Who feels love toward my fellow man (and woman),
anxiety toward the world's problems, and wet
when I come out of the shower
Who fears nature, people, free booze, and artificial
preservatives I can't pronounce
Seer of visions, strange new concepts, and my face
in the mirror
With love
from China, Michigan
Seeger.

The Eleanor B. Matthews Writing Award

Robin
creative, sensitive, funny, compassionate
oldest daughter of Marsha and Michael
lover of children, art, dance
who fears failure, success, and intimacy
who would like to see
all children grow up healthy, happy, content
an end to world suffering
peace on earth
resident of Marysville, Delaware Avenue
Cash

It is our pleasure to present the eleventh Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award to an outstanding writer and artist, Robin Cash, whose own bio-poem provides the best introduction to this year's recipient: writer and art student, wife and mother of three children, two boys and a girl.

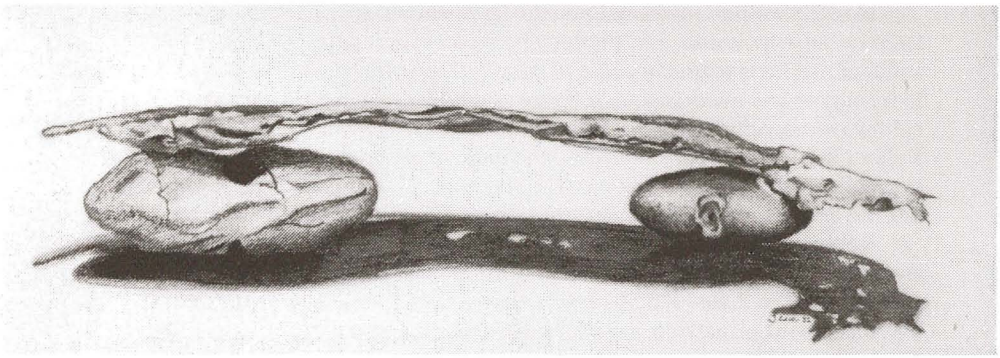
The remarkable creativity of this talented young woman exemplifies the spirit of the award honoring the memory of PHJC/SCCCC poet and teacher Eleanor Mathews. The award was established in 1983 by family and friends of Mrs. Mathews whose own love for the beauty and power and language nurtured the creative, imaginative works of her students. After her retirement from the college, Eleanor continued to inspire writers in her classes at the Senior Citizens Center. Her own poetry was widely published, and, just months before her death, in a memorable evening reading her poetry before an audience of students and friends, she shared her love of imaginative expression, her belief in the human struggle to achieve. Eleanor also devoted hours to reading books on tape for use by the blind that would help nurture the listener's imagination.

Eleanor Mathews once defined the ideal student as "a person who wants to learn because he knows that anything he learns is going to apply in life and as a result of that he is naturally going to study." The writing award was established to recognize and encourage excellence and is given to the student whose work exhibits outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style. In selecting Robin Cash as this year's recipient, the judges recognize not only her creative expression in writing but her creative approach to living and learning and her intense desire to share that creativity with others.

Robin's major is art. Someday she hopes to go into art therapy, to nourish and nurture the human spirit through the power of creative expression. As president of the Allied Art Students League, Robin has been a prime mover in organizing and promoting the winter ice sculpture contest in Port Huron. Her energetic determination motivates those around her while her ability to be a good listener provides a thoughtful arena for exploring possibilities in quiet conversation.

In her writing classes, whether the required freshman courses or her creative writing class, Robin showed her ability to pay attention to detail in both creative and scholarly writing, to develop and revise her work, constantly seeking to do the best she could to give order and meaning to ideas and feelings. As her writing reveals, she is a sensitive observer of the human condition. Robin's short story took first place honors this year, and her personal essay places second. Last year Robin also took second place honors with a personal essay. Her artistic abilities brought her second place honors in the state-wide competition for the 1993 L.A.N.D. (Liberal Arts Network Development) poster contest for students in all Michigan community colleges. Her art work was also selected for this year's PATTERNS.

A member of Phi Theta Kappa honors society, Robin is the editor and publisher of the PTK newsletter. Her artistic talents in graphic design created a fresh, exciting look for the PTK publication. In whatever she does, Robin blends innovation, dedication, and imagination to delight and inform others whether it is by the written word or the visual design, whether sketched on paper or etched in ice. In her work as in her manner and her fashionable appearance, Robin creates a striking, classic style.



BALANCE
Jenny Liva



MICROSCOPIC DISCOVERY
Susan Bryant

Changing of the Guard

First Place

by Robin Cash

The sunshine took on a soft, butter yellow glow as a young woman peered out the window through a billowing sea of white tulle that flowed from her beaded headpiece, all the way down to her knees. She turned away from the window, plopped down on a pink velvet love seat and gave a tired sigh. At a glance it would be difficult to tell if the woman was bored, sad, tired or a combination of all three. She was quite lovely, in a simple way. Her dark brown hair, fixed in a girlish style parted on the side, hung in soft waves down to her narrow shoulders. Her face was small and her hazel eyes were large, making her appear almost childlike. The formal elegance of the bridal veil swirling around her head seemed to contradict her physical characteristics. She picked idly at the spray of sequins that adorned the bodice of her dress and looked nervously at the door.

Outside the door she could hear the swishing sound of taffeta dresses and the cluck, cluck conversations of her elderly aunts. Her ears perked up as she heard them mention her name. "Has anyone seen Lauren?" one of the voices asked. The young woman instantly recognized the raspy, wheezy voice as Aunt Clara's. "No, no, I haven't seen her since she stormed out of the abbey," answered Aunt Jo. "You know," said Aunt Clara, "that Lauren has always been such a temperamental snit, she gets it from her mother." "I know just what you mean," said Aunt Jo, "why when her mother was a child I nearly snatched her bald headed because she was so obstinate." "Obstinate?, I'd have more than likely called it jack-assed stubbornness," fumed Aunt Clara.

Lauren turned toward the window again trying to shut out the judgmental voices of her old aunts. "What a couple of frumps they are," thought Lauren, "and downright nasty too." She focused on the view outside the window, blinking away the tears as she searched for something to distract her from her thoughts. She watched with envy as a pair of scarlet cardinals took flight. "Lucky birds," she whispered.

She turned around and scanned the tiny room that had been her refuge for the past half hour or so. The tiny alcove, decorated in rich tones of mauve and crimsons, had a distinctly Victorian appearance right down to the velvet flocked wallpaper and the jewel-toned oriental rug. The sight of the room with its lack of space and its oppressive furnishings was stifling. What had initially been a private sanctuary for her was beginning to feel like a prison instead. Once again Lauren had the urge to flee, but the swishing of those taffeta dresses outside the door reminded her of the two old crows who were still unknowingly guarding her only escape route.

"What's wrong with me? A woman's wedding day should be one of the happiest days of her life; why don't I feel happy?" she wondered. Nervously she began to rub her temples, hoping to ease the painful pressure that was building in her head. She went over to the velvet chair and sat down heavily. Yards of white satin, lace and taffeta billowed up around her, increasing her feelings of suffocation. Still massaging her throbbing temples she kicked off her shoes, sending them hurtling across the room. One hit the door with a thud. Lauren instantly froze. She fully expected her aunts to come bursting through the door to see what had caused the obnoxious thud. She sat up quickly, prepared for attack. When nothing happened, she cocked her ear toward the door and realized that she couldn't hear anything. She flopped back in the chair breathing a huge sigh of relief. "Aunt Clara and Aunt Jo must have flown off to pick at someone else," she thought sarcastically.

Lauren curled up her legs and wrapped her arms around her knees. She tipped her head back and rested it on the chair, then closed her eyes. "OK," she thought. "I've got to get myself together, time for some self analysis. Six months ago when Adam proposed, I wanted to get married." She recalled how Adam had taken her to her senior prom and proposed right after the dinner. Her friends thought it was so cool to be engaged to an older guy and to be on the verge of having her own home just after graduating from high school. Lauren smiled as she realized she had thought she was pretty cool too. She stood up suddenly. "But I do love Adam," she covered her mouth quickly as she realized that she'd spoken the words out loud. "Just who am I trying to convince?" she wondered.

She turned toward the window again and lifted the veil from her face. The sun was warm and comforting on her skin. Her fingers absentmindedly brushed her jawbone bringing to mind the fading bruise she had so cleverly concealed with her make-up kit. Shame welled up when she thought about the scene her mother had caused in the parking lot of the photographer's last week. Now as she thought back she wasn't even sure what had angered her mother, most likely a smart aleck remark. A tear rolled down Lauren's face as she ruefully thought of how her mother always got the last word in and how she usually punctuated with a guaranteed-not-to-miss blow to the face. Hatred filled her with momentary rage as she turned away from the window. Suddenly the sun didn't feel so warm anymore. There was just a chilly emptiness in her heart.

With resolve Lauren walked to the mirror to dry her tears and patch up her make up. Over the years she'd gotten resourceful when it came to covering up injuries. Tears sprung to her eyes as she touched the bruise. She winced, not from pain, but anger and resentment. She has learned a long time ago that she could learn to not feel the physical pain but her mother's words could still hurt. "No more crying," she told her reflection sternly. "If you go through with this marriage, you won't have to deal with this anymore."

A twinge of guilt ran through her like electricity when she thought about her younger brothers and sister, just leaving them with her parents. "I can't think about that now, or I'll just make myself even crazier," she thought. "Now I have to fix

my face and find my shoes." She was sure it had to be getting late. Quickly she gathered up her shoes and slipped them on. Glancing at her watch, she saw that she had fifteen minutes before the ceremony.

She looked at the watch again, this time more closely, pulling back the long beaded cuff of her wedding dress and examining the elegant gold band and the diamond-encrusted face. It was her wedding present from Adam. She smiled sheepishly when she thought of how he told everyone that "a watch was the perfect gift for Lauren because she's late for everything." He said that "she runs on Lauren time -- thirty minutes behind everyone else."

Something in Adam's voice made her uncomfortable when he did that, when he gave those subtle put-downs in front of other people. "I'm just being paranoid," she said decidedly. "I'm sure every bride has second thoughts and gets touchy about little annoying things her fiancee does."

Lauren began to wonder if she was kidding herself again. Scenes were coming to mind now, things that she hadn't given a second thought to, now seemed like huge obstacles, or were they just excuses, reasons not to trust. "Adam is a good man," she told herself, "just ask anyone, and he's well respected in the community. Why do I have these nagging doubts? Oh no," she sighed as she sat down in front of the mirror. She felt emotionally exhausted. "I don't even know what a normal relationship is, so who am I to say that what I have with Adam isn't right?"

"He's nice looking; we like the same things, most of the time. He wants a family, not many guys seem to want that anymore." she thought. Lauren picked up the hairbrush from the dressing table and began idly brushing her soft, brown waves into ringlets.

Suddenly she stopped brushing in mid-stroke. She could hear the sound of jingling keys and loose change as someone toyed with the contents of his pockets as he walked back and forth outside the door. The distinctive click-tap, click-tap on the tile floor as the individual paced echoed with hollow, disciplined precision. It could only be one person, step-daddy, his highly polished wing tips with the taps on the heels and toes and his usual jingling pockets.

She hated the menacing way he would thrust his hand in his pockets and walk. His eyes, narrow, icy, blue slits. No emotion or expression in his face, he is like a sleek, sinister animal looking for easy prey to kill and devour. Lauren's heart was pounding so furiously she was certain he could hear it. "What is he doing outside my door?" she wondered nervously. He'd better not come in here. I couldn't possibly deal with some pseudo-poignant, father/daughter moment right now. I hate him and his hypocrisy, the misery that he has caused me; I should be jumping for joy to be away from him."

Angrily, she set the brush on the table and picked up the comb and hair spray. She began combing the sides of her hair into place with calm, steely resolve. "Everyone thinks my stepfather is so wonderful, if only they knew what really goes on in our house. He should be arrested for some of the things he's done to his wife and children."

Lauren smiled a slow, cruel smile, as she mentally painted images of what it would be like for her stepfather to be arrested and put behind bars, the scandal it would cause. Then she shivered as a cold awareness swept over her. "I've become as cruel as he is," she thought, regretfully facing the painted images in her mind. "He is the only person I know who truly seems to enjoy the pain of others. He watches the weak and wounded with such twisted pleasure, like he feeds on suffering. I wish people knew what he was really like. He has them all fooled. What an actor he is. So kind to his family...in public, so cruel...in private.

"He's probably waiting for more people to gather outside the door before he comes in here, like a theatrical performer playing the part of a father who needs to spend a few final moments alone with his beloved daughter. Dad is smart; he wouldn't waste an opportunity like this to reinforce the elaborate facade he and Mom have created over the years."

"My wedding, the perfect setting to show off the perfect family," she thought. Waves of nausea swelled and rolled in her stomach. Fury mingled with sadness whirled around in her chest, hardening her heart, strengthening the barricade she had built to protect the few tender places she had left inside.

Lauren put the comb down and gave her bangs and cascading ringlets a thorough shower with the hair spray. She set the bottle down, hard. "I will get married to Adam. I will leave my sick family. I will be happy."

Instantly, the door flew open. Startled, she turned toward the door. Feeling like a guilty child who thinks her parents can read her mind, she sat wide-eyed and open-mouthed, momentarily frozen. It was her mother; Lauren quickly relaxed. She was thankful for the brief reprieve from being alone with her stepdad.

At that moment Lauren saw her mom as someone else might, someone whose vision hasn't been clouded with the years of neglect and calloused familiarity. "It's true, I do look like her," she thought seriously, suddenly sobered by her epiphany. People had said for years that she was the image of her mother, but she had never seen the likeness: after all she was a brunette and with hazel eyes and her mother was crowned with golden blonde hair and large, light blue eyes. It was undeniable now. She could see it herself. She wasn't sure whether it was the way her mom flew around the room like an energized tornado, or if it was her mannerisms or just the way she smiled. Lauren could for that brief moment see the likeness.

"Lauren, for goodness' sake, dear, everyone has been looking for you. What do you mean running off like that?" her mother asked as she fussed over Lauren's veil, trying to find the most flattering arrangement for the yards of tulle on her daughter's headpiece. "Mom," she said, rolling her eyes, "I had to get out of there, I was going crazy, I just needed a little time alone to think. All of this wedding mentality is getting to me. I just wanted some space."

"Now honey, are you having second thoughts? Is it that fight you and Adam had yesterday after the rehearsal? All couples get testy with each other; it's just pre-wedding jitters." Her mother said all of this more as a statement of fact than a concerned question and it irritated Lauren.

She stood up impatiently and pushed her mother's fussing fingers away from her veil. "You know, Mom, I hadn't even thought about the fight between Adam and me, but thanks ever so much for reminding me," she said sarcastically.

"Lauren, he was just being a little jealous. Most women would find that flattering. You just don't know how lucky you are to have a man be that interested in your welfare," her mother said, as though speaking from years of experience.

Lauren turned and faced her mother squarely. "How can you say that, Mom? That man took half of my wardrobe out of the moving van and threw it away. He said that I wouldn't be needing clothes like that now that I was going to be his wife."

"Well you know, Lauren," her mother said with a certain smug attitude, "some of your clothes are a bit...well, um, outlandish."

Lauren put her hands on her hips indignantly. "They might be outlandish to you and to him, but they were my clothes, and what I wear should be MY decision and no one else's, not even my husband-to-be. It was bad enough that he threw them away while he was supposed to be moving me into our new place, but what really makes me feel lousy is that he didn't even say anything to me about it. I mean really, did he think I wouldn't notice?"

Her mother reached out and tried to touch Lauren's shoulder, but Lauren turned away. Again she felt betrayed by her mother. Mom was taking Adam's side on this issue instead of hers.

"Now dear, I really think you're getting all worked up over nothing. Look at the bright side; just think of all you'll be gaining when you marry him. You'll have things I never could have had."

Her mother looked out the window with a faraway gaze laden with wistfulness. Lauren wasn't surprised. Her mom's chief pastime was trying to relive her own life through her children. It was as though her mother knew she had screwed up her own life and now she wanted a do-over. "It's true that most parents want a better life for their children," she thought, but her mom seemed to be driven by her own need, not by a parental love for her kids.

Lauren smiled decidedly and focused again on what it was she was trying to escape. Freedom was just a few moments away.

"Mom, come here, shut up, and give me a hug before I become Mrs. Adam Robertson," she said.

Her mother looked at Lauren with a motherly "I knew you'd see it my way" smile. Then she walked over and gave her daughter a light embrace and two airy, society kisses, so she wouldn't smudge her lipstick.

"You know your father and I only want the best for you, we love you, dear. Now fix yourself up and I'll see you out there in a couple of minutes. I'm sure your father is waiting for you. I've got to go out there and take my seat; are you going to be O.K.?"

"Yes Mom, I'll be fine. Now get out there, the organ's been playing for fifteen minutes. Love you, and I'll see you in a bit," Lauren said in a seemingly assured voice. Her mother walked out and closed the door.

Lauren turned toward the mirror at the dressing table. She studied her reflection gingerly and smiled. "I look good, real good," she thought. Then she smoothed a few wayward tendrils of hair and murmured, "Well, here goes nothing," and walked out of the room.

Right outside the door was her stepfather. "He certainly does look the part," she thought, "very dashing."

As soon as he saw Lauren, he gave her a cold, superficial smile and grasped her elbow in what would seem from a distance like a loving hold but, in reality, was inescapable vice-like grip.

"Where in the hell have you been?" He hissed through his gleaming ventriloquist smile. Lauren tried to ease the grip he had on her arm.

"Nowhere," she said, "I was just doing a little thinking."

He could barely disguise the sneer that tugged at his mouth, "Maintain your borderline sanity on your own time, you've kept me and four hundred people waiting long enough and you're not important enough to have earned the right to waste other people's time. Now let's go, it's your big day."

The sarcasm dripped from his words like poison. Lauren was so used to him that his lecture went virtually unnoticed.

She stared at the large cathedral before her. There were rows upon rows of people. Pastel dresses, hats and flowers were everywhere. The organist enthusiastically began the processional; the crowd stood to their feet and all eyes turned toward her.

She looked at her stepfather uncertainly as he deftly pulled her forward; she noticed how he was smiling so generously at the audience. Her heart was pounding. "Please, don't let me faint," she thought.

Suddenly she realized she was no longer moving. The minister stood before her with a serene smile. Again she looked up at her stepfather and this time she received a loving smile.

"What is happening to me?" she wondered. "Why do I feel so detached? I feel like I'm watching someone do this. Is this what it's like for everyone? Just do it, you can't back out now," she told herself seriously, "this isn't a game."

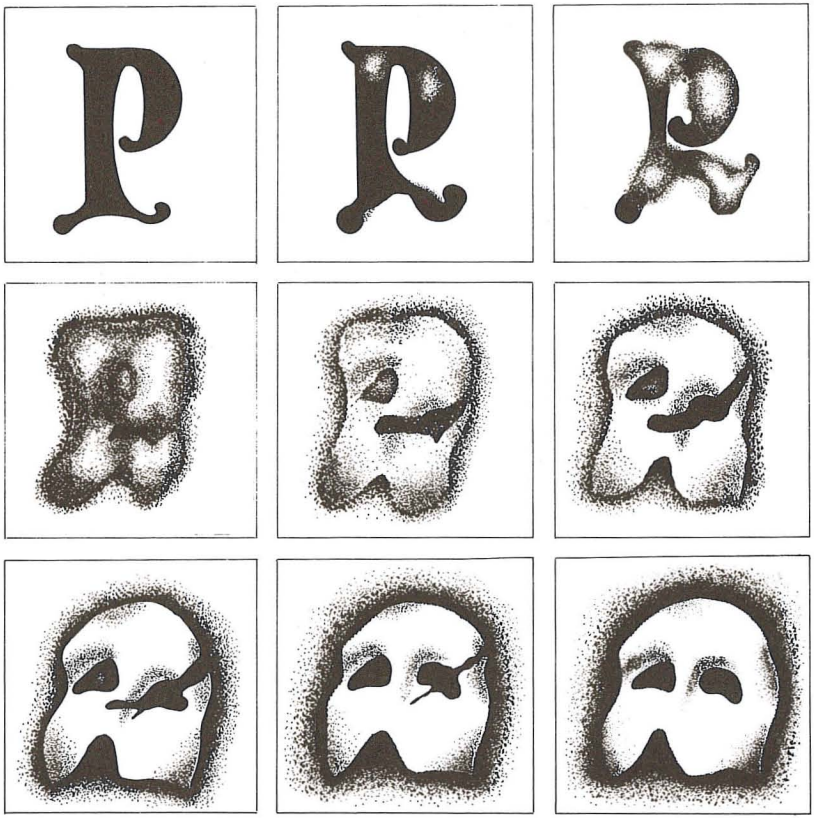
Then the minister stepped down a few steps and walked toward her. "Who gives this woman to be wed?" he asked in a soothing, baritone voice that seemed to lull her into an even more dazed state of mind.

She heard her stepfather reply to the minister in his most proper, church voice, "Her mother and I." Then he stepped back to his place in the pew.

Adam walked over and put his hand on her arm. That inescapable vice-like grip was nauseatingly familiar. Adam had officially taken place at her side.

An eerie feeling washed over her, as an icy droplet of perspiration trickled down the middle of her back. She felt numb and strangely apathetic, as if this were all just a dream from which she would soon awaken, all of it happening in slow motion, a predestined situation over which she had no control.

Then as sometimes happens when one is in a confused state of mind, the fog lifted and the solemn reality of the situation revealed itself. At that moment with quiet clarity, Lauren knew just what was happening. Under her breath she whispered, "This is not an escape; it's just a changing of the guard."



ANGEL OF MUSIC
Michele Chartier

Conditional Love

2nd Place

by Elizabeth Noetzel

I'll love you forever
If you'll wear your hair the way I like it
you know, longer, curled back to the right
It's more flattering to your face
Just as is the lipstick I bought for you
You know, the color that matches your red skirt
The one that is my favorite.
I know you are more comfortable in jeans
But you have such nice legs
You know I just like to see them
Why don't you work out tomorrow
It will make you feel better and
You know that I don't like fat women
Of course I love you for yourself
I wouldn't want you to change for anything
you know I think you are beautiful.



ZEBRA PLAY
Dean C. Hency

Pen in Hand

1st Place

by Rachelle A. Davis

Erasing, crossing, correcting, scratching,
Ripping, folding, crumpling, trashing,
Muttering, moaning, musing, mussing,
Swearing, screaming, crying, cussing,
First draft, second draft, third, fourth, fifth
Let them fools believe that myth

That writing is as easy as pen in hand
When in truth it's much harder than
Standing on toes and touching the sky,
Pulling down clouds that whirl and whisp by,
Sliding down rainbows and splashing in gold,
Embracing the oceans to wrinkle and fold.

To write is to lift the sun on my shoulders
To feel sweat on my back as my images smoulder,
Igniting to flames that leap 'cross the page
To liberate the feelings from within my heart's rage.

An Analysis of the Poem "All Bread"

1st Place

by Sarah Prout

"All Bread", by Margaret Atwood, has literary devices to convey a theme. The fluidity of the poem is created by the use of opposing sounds. These sounds create melody and countermelody that develop into the verbal music of poetry. Upon this "tune" is the message of Atwood's lyrics conveyed. Atwood accomplishes this musicality through the use of euphony, cacophony, assonance and alliteration.

The first stanza uses "b" and "d" sounds to create harsh imagery. For example, "bread," "brown," "bodies" and "backbones" are terms that connote the struggle of life. Brown bread is a basic unit of sustenance. Bodies and backbones create the image of the physical hardship inherent in the pursuit of bread. Taken separately these terms have ambiguous connotations. However, these words are united by the use of the literary device, alliteration. Alliteration joins the words and by doing so emphasizes their darker nature. Cacophony is found in the repetition of "d" sounds. This gives the poem a stringent sound. For example, "dung," "dirt," and "dead" are all hard sounding words with negative connotations. Atwood's use of sound matches her subject matter.

"Live burial," and "white famine," in the second stanza stress the horror of starvation. This use of assonance with the letter "i" conveys the switch for external pressures of the first stanza defined by cacophony, to internal demands demonstrated by assonance. Instead of explicating the creation of the fundamental life giving bread, Atwood details how lack of bread affects humanity.

Euphony knits these sounds together in the third stanza. The "s" sounds "has," "salt," "hands," "strokes," "taste," "smells," "small," and "deaths" are soft and gentle. Although "deaths" normally has a negative connotation, taken with the other words stressed by euphony, it becomes a positive word. "Deaths" ceases to refer to an end. Instead it becomes indicative of the positive aspect of the cycle of the earth and her materials. In the first stanza, bread became wood; in the third it is "good." The difference in attitude toward the bread and toward death is emphasized in the last line "before and after." Atwood implies that "good" mentioned in the first line of the third stanza will be perpetuated through the small deaths.

Atwood begins her poem using hard sounds, moves to milder tones and gently crests in the use of euphony in the third stanza.

The use of apparently opposite literary devices underlines the paradox of the theme. All things are of the earth and all things return there. There is no beginning and no end. The life cycle is both beautiful and horrible. This is also underlined by the repetition of the word 'salt." Salt is a mineral that can be harmful or beneficial. Taken in large quantities it can create high blood pressure; used as a

preservative it allows an impoverished family to keep meat longer. Like salt the cycle of life and death is both beneficial and painful. It allows for the continuation of humanity but leaves out the individual.

The final stanza climaxes Atwood's use of sound to relate to theme. Instead of using literary devices, she paraphrases the harmonious sounds of worship beginning with "Lift these ashes..." and climaxing in the key words that parallel the eucharist, "Together we eat this earth." In this final line Atwood does not make judgment upon the process of death and renewal but compares it to the ultimate mystery of faith. Together, Christians celebrate communion, how the body and blood becomes bread and wine. There is no cognitive understanding of this transformation. Likewise, there is no comprehension of the totality of the cycle of mortality even if one focuses on a small section of it -- how wood eventually becomes bread.

Throughout "All Bread" Margaret Atwood used literary devices to convey her theme. In the last stanza, she uses recognizable melodic phrases to demonstrate the meaning of the poem. With the use of both methods, Atwood creates a dynamic poem that through the use of verbal music demonstrates the paradox of mortality.



SPONGE PORES
Jennifer Rockwell

Aeneid
by Elizabeth Dove

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus, Laviniaque venit litora;
Multum il et terris iactatus et alto, vi superum
Saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram, multum
Quoque it bellum passus, dum conderet urbem
Inferretque deos Latios, genus unde Latunum,
Albanique patres et altae moeniae Romae.

Arms, I sing, and the hero who first, driven by fate from the shores of Troy, came to Italy and the Lavinian shore. Much buffeted both on land and sea by the powers of those above on account of the relentless wrath of cruel Juno, he endured much, even war, until he should found a city and bear the gods to Latium. Hence the Latin race, the Alban fathers and the walls of lofty Rome.

Almost every country has its cherished epic -- some long narrative poem which recalls its own particular heroes and their exploits. These epics combine history and legend in a heroic recital, usually grandiose in style and frequently bloody in content. The great epics of our Western culture form a loosely connected sequence beginning with the Greek Homer (The Iliad/The Odyssey), followed by the Roman Virgil (The Aeneid); this in turn is followed by the Italian Dante (Inferno/Purgatorio/Paradiso), and finally, the English Milton (Paradise Lost/Paradise Regained). Each of these draws something from its predecessor and contributes something to its follower. All contain elements of greatness, and each author has his devotees, but many critics concede that Virgil comes closest to perfection.

Much of Aeneas' appeal is attributable to the fact that he is a man with a mission. All the effort he expends, all the hardships he endures, are directed toward a single end. He must reach Italy so that Rome can be built!

The Aeneid is written in unrhymed verse. The lines are hexameter with a slightly uneven beat that is difficult for the uninitiated to follow and which no translator has been able to duplicate successfully in English (iambic pentameter is usually the meter of choice). Most of Virgil's lines end with two long syllables

(a spondee), usually immediately preceded by a dactyl (/^{uu}). The length (elongation) or shortness (compression) of the vowel is significant in scanning the lines; this is further complicated by an elision between two consecutive words. This combined with Virgil's apparently haphazard mixing of spondees and dactyls in the first four feet, puts successful scansion beyond the range of most amateurs [I would, for example, scan the first line: -^{uu} /-^{uu} / -- / -^{uu} / -- ; but there are other lines I would not even attempt].

Traditionally, the epic poet uses the opening lines to indicate the theme of the work and the direction it is going to take. How well he handles this gives some indication of his craftsmanship. Virgil's opening lines are superb. He is brief; he is concise; he goes straight to the heart of the matter. He ignores all irrelevancy, saves the details for the body of the epic; but everything that needs to be said is there. He has the unique ability to make a single phrase, sometimes a single word, speak volumes.

Arma virumque cano. These three words constitute one of the best known phrases of all time. The simplest, most direct, translation is still: "I sing of arms and the man" (obviously the source of Shaw's title). An alternate and equally valid English translation of virum is "hero". Our words virile and virility come from this Latin stem.

Troiae qui primus ab oris, Italiam fato profugus Laviniaque venit litora. This line takes our hero from Troy, his starting point, to Italy, his destination. The verb is venit (came). Here Virgil bypasses all extraneous material to state the essential fact. Key words are: primus (first), profugus (driven), and fato (by fate). To appreciate how important Aeneas was in Roman history one should consider what Abraham meant to the Hebrews not merely as the first settler but as the lineal ancestor. Later Roman poets refer to Pater Aeneas in much the same way the Jews refer to Father Abraham. Each was destined (one by the decree of fate, the other by the promise of Almighty God) to be the father of his nation.

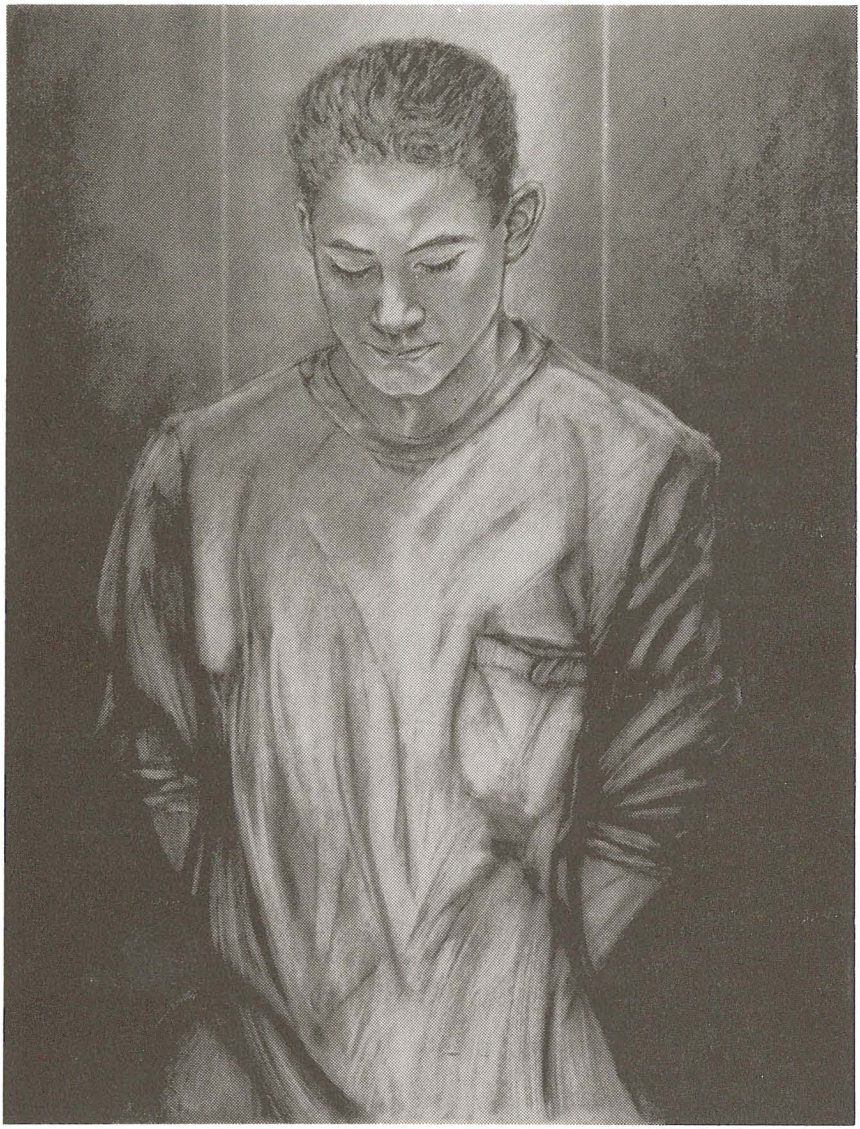
The use of profugus (driven, propelled) stresses the fact that Aeneas was not merely an adventurer who blithely sailed away. The Fitzgerald translation expresses this idea by calling him a fugitive. This is excellent, or he might have designated him 'a refugee'. (Note that both of these nouns derive from the Latin fugere of which profugus is one form). The fact that he was driven "by fate" emphasizes the vital importance of this mission and clarifies the hero's role.

Multum il et terris iactaus et alto, vi superum. Much buffeted (tossed about, kicked around) both on land (terris) and sea (alto, literally "the deep") vi superum by the power of the gods (or those above). This shows Aeneas at the mercy of forces stronger than himself, a mere pawn in a greater game (c.f. Job's role in the struggle between God and Satan).

Saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram, miltum quoque et bellum passus dum conderet urbem inferretque deos Latios. The role of Juno is crucial. She is the only character other than the hero who is named in the introduction. It is the wrath of Juno that stirs up the other gods to give our hero a hard time. The adjective memorem literally means remembered or mindful but is better rendered "unrelenting", "relentless" or even "obsessive". As surely as Aeneas is the protagonist, this queen of the gods is the antagonist. She has her reasons! The same decree of fate which says Aeneas' seed will be the foundation of Rome also predicts that Rome will eventually destroy Carthage. (Historically this will prove true in a series of costly Punic Wars). Juno strongly favors Carthage; she is their patron goddess. Her temples are there as well her altars; from her high seat on Olympus she can smell sweet savor of her sacrifices. She will do everything within her power to thwart Aeneas. Aeneas will "endure much" (again like Job) but will persevere and he will survive to complete his commission to found a city (Rome) and bring the gods to Latium. These gods are not the Olympians who are already everywhere. These are the Lars and Penantes, the household gods of the Trojans. They preside over the hearth fires and when the home/hearth moves they must be carried along to protect the new dwelling. They are tribal gods (and what is a tribe but an extended family?).

Genus unde Latinum, Alebanique patres et altae moneiae Romae. This triumphant phrase completes the introduction, a masterpiece of brevity and conciseness. Unde (hence) implies that from this source came all the great things of mighty Rome. Virgil was, above all, a Roman writing for Romans. This was their glory.

Virgil can turn now to the invocation of the Muse (a standard in epic); Muse, mihi causa memorem. All the other wonders follow in the body of the work -- the wars, the storms, the great love affair with Dido -- all leading to the founding of Rome.



LUKE
Adam C. Moroschan

Beyond Arm's Reach

1st Place

by Anna M. Cierpial

When my children were infants I would wake up at night to listen for the soft sounds of their breathing. When they were toddlers I made every sharp edge, electrical outlet, cupboard door and stairway safe and childproof. Then came the ages between when they were able to cross the street alone and when they started driving a car, when the children became independent individuals and I let my guard down just enough to let them go and trust their own judgment in minor matters. Although this is a very important and necessary stage for the child's growth and development as an adult, it is usually a difficult thing for the parents to do, while the child floats through the transition usually without noticing. The problem is these are the years when death and disaster follow the child like a black, hovering cloud.

On a gorgeous, hot Indian Summer day, the kind that only people in a cold climate can appreciate, my son, Rocky, who was ten, and a sixteen year old neighborhood boy, Mike, were out wading in our pond skimming off the leaves with nets. Rocky liked to take the leaves off so the ice would be smoother for skating. My eleven year old daughter, Jessica, was floating in a boat at the edge of the pond laughing at the antics of Rocky and Mike. Jessica likes to laugh, so her laughter carried up to the house where I was playing cards with my parents and starting dinner.

Rocky, in his father's extra big waders, was walking near one of the ice cold natural springs which fed the pond when suddenly the boots of the waders were sucked down, knee deep, into the soft, oozing sand of the spring. This sand acts just like quicksand. Mike tried to pull Rocky out, but the suction was too strong. Jessica went to the barn and got Mike a shovel so he could try to dig Rocky out of the ever-moving underwater sand. The kids were laughing and making jokes, even Rocky. After a lot of digging and getting nowhere, Mike finally realized that he would not be able to get Rocky, who was now waist deep in mud, out of the spring. I was standing at the kitchen window and I saw Mike, in his hip boots, slowly walking up to the house. No alarm or concern at all showed on his face nor in his walk. When he got up to the window he calmly said, "Hey Mrs. Cierpial, do you want to know something?"

Thinking that they had found a frog or crayfish, because of all the laughing I was I was just hearing, I unconcernedly said, "Sure Mike, what?"

"Rocky is stuck in the mud on the pond; the water is up to his chest and his waders are full of water. I tried, but I can't get him out."

My entire being turned cold and outwardly calm. On the longest run of my life, about the length of one football field, I tried not to think about my baby who took three months of patience to potty train or the frustrating year of kindergarten when we cheered every time he got his little t-shirt on right-side out or front-wards by himself. I ran as fast as I could out to the pond.

Jessica thought her brother's problem was very funny and even started to tell me how funny it was until yelled at her to run back to the house and dial 911 to get some help. My parents were behind me, but my dad is older and not too steady on his feet. My husband was not at home. We needed some help.

I waded out to Rocky and put my arms around his cold, shivering, thin little body and pulled and tugged with all my might. He did not budge; those heavy boots were stuck in the mud and he was stuck in them. Even though I knew it was futile, I still held on to him and pulled. I think I was hugging him more than pulling him, but I had to get him out. I was trying to use my love to pull him out because I did not have enough strength.

I was afraid that he would sink below the surface right in front of my eyes before help arrived. I had Mike get a long heavy rope from the barn. I was thinking that if he went under we could find him and give him breaths of air. All the while I was calmly talking to Rocky; I was telling him, and myself, not to worry, I would get him out. When Mike came back with the rope I secured it around Rocky's chest, under his arms. I tried pulling him out with the rope, but it hurt him. There was nothing I could think of to do but wait for help from the volunteer fire department.

In a few minutes that passed like hours, just like they say in fiction, the fire department rescue truck finally drove out back to the pond. A very fat man, maybe two-fifty to three hundred pounds, wearing hip boots, bowled out of the cab. There was a woman volunteer with him. He lumbered over the Rocky and grabbed him and tugged until Rocky yelled that this guy was breaking his ribs. I do not remember what I thought, exactly, but I figured that if this big, strong guy could not pull Rocky out, we were going to have to watch my little boy get sucked under for sure.

I was thinking of the scuba gear on the truck when the fireman took a step away from Rocky and said, "Son, do you have a big, tight belt holding those waders up on you?"

A meek, quiet, "Yes," was the answer.

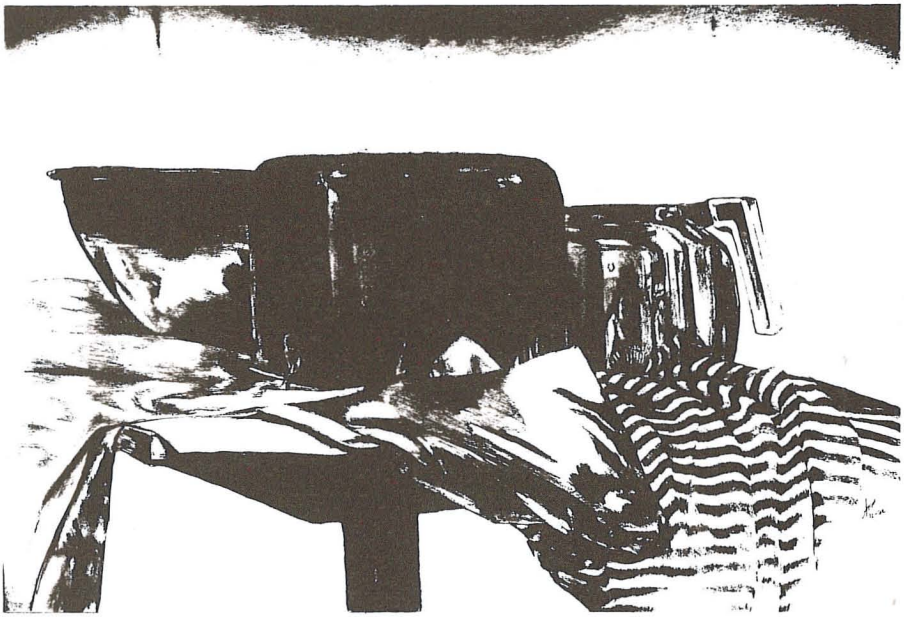
"Well, let's get that off," the fireman chuckled. They took off the belt and the fireman pulled Rocky right out of those waders and set him on the shore. That kid yelled, "Thank you!" and took off running for the house, faster than I had ever seen him move in his whole life. I am not sure if he was more embarrassed or scared.

I stayed behind to thank the rescuers; I could not come up with the right words. How can you thank someone for saving your child's life? I tried.

When I got back to the house, my mom had Rocky wrapped in blankets and drinking hot chocolate because the woman rescuer told us to treat this like a cold water drowning, words that sent chills up my spine, and warm him up from the

inside. I grabbed him and hugged him although he was too big of a "man" to cry over this; I hugged him for my comfort as well as his. Rocky squirmed loose from my embrace and said, "As soon as I warm up, I had better go out and try to get dad's waders." I suspect that those waders are still floating somewhere, underground, along that spring because there was no way I was letting anyone near that spring again for a long time.

I did not cry that day either, but sometimes when I think about what could have happened and what still could, I cry. I had to let go and allow my children to grow and explore the world. As a mother I always see the small child even when I look at the grown up young man. I see a little boy with his shirt on inside-out getting on the school bus, not the teenager who is taking driver's training and rebuilding a jeep to cruise around town in. My heart breaks thinking about the danger I cannot, no matter how much I love him, protect him from out there, beyond arm's reach.



UNTITLED
Amy West

You Have To Be Beautiful to Live In Hollywood

2nd Place

by Rachelle Davis

You have to be beautiful to live in Hollywood;
The hills of true love
And knights in princely garments
Jousting hearts with silky rose petals.

You have to be successful to live in New York;
Structured streets of social clicks
Mocking jargon of Wall Street over
Cappachino on the Upper West Side.

You have to be slim and voluptuous to live in Miami;
Strutting flesh over milky plains
Near lusty surfs orgasming upon the shore.

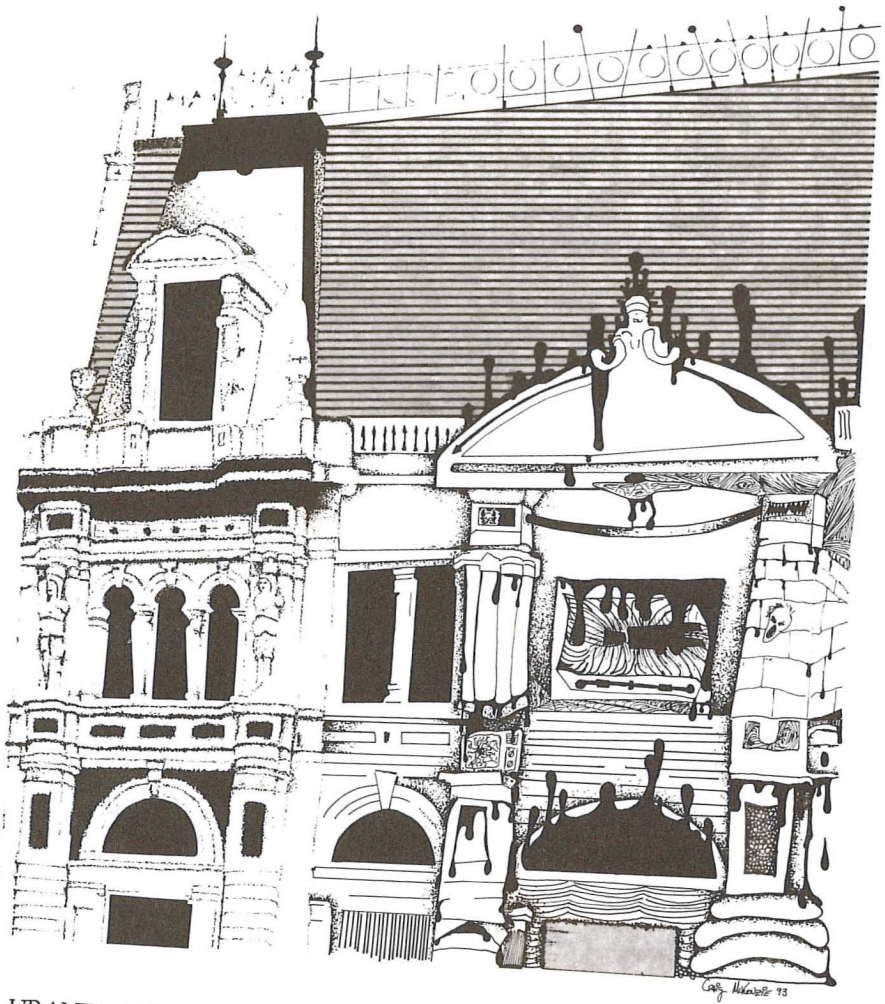
You have to be smart to live in Boston.
Doctors and lawyers and scientists and professors
Glimpse at their studies over cups of decaf coffee
While children are in the care of prestigious scholars
Following in father's footsteps.

Where I live, it doesn't much matter what anyone does.
The streets are clogged with society's mishaps,
Bustling through waywards of structured, beautiful,
intelligent successfuls
Who seem to have fallen on the wrong side of the Earth.

Where I live, the glamour of Hollywood is but on the screen.
The butterflies of true love
Are in the fairy tales we weave
Or watch in the afternoon blur.

Where I live, no one gives a damn.
We have neighbors and friends,
But they fade like a blink in a picture tube,
And lovers who wear no armour, nor cross rolling hills
To joust hearts with rose petals

Where I live, glamour, beauty, success and knowledge
Are bottled up and sold over the counter.



URANIUM DEBRIS
Craig McKenzie

The Persuasive Pen of Thomas Paine

2nd Place

by Lori Shymko

By 1776, those who believed that a separation from Great Britain was necessary for the good of the Colonies were beginning to see themselves as Americans and not exclusively English subjects. The revolutionaries needed a catalyst to move people from debating into action. Thomas Paine's "Thoughts on the Present State of American Affairs" from the pamphlet Common Sense was the tool they needed. Paine's motivational writing skill was a perfect blend of persuasive and emotive logic. He even used geography and God in his argument for separation. His thoroughness and tenacity with which he wore down the reader's objections made this document invaluable to the success of winning over popular opinion in order to promote the American Revolution. Once the colonists were motivated into action, it became necessary to keep them motivated in the face of the harsh realities of a war with England. So once again, Paine's The American Crisis provided the inspiration that the American Revolution needed to persevere.

One of Paine's successful attributes was his way of bombarding the reader with arguments combining logic with emotive reasoning. In Common Sense, he almost dared the reader to disagree when he wrote, "...then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land?"(141). His attacks on the idea of reconciliation were relentless. "Never can true reconcilement grow where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep"(142). "Men do not change from enemies to friends by the alteration of a name"(143). Paine's conviction for separation from Great Britain permeated his writing and was also very convincing. While his arguments sounded reasonable, they were laden with strong emotional language. He cleverly assigned human qualities to America and England, depicting England as the neglectful, selfish parent and America as the grown-up child. "But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young"(140). Once the ingenious connection was made, it had become difficult to distinguish emotions towards England as a country, and that of a poor parent.

It was ironic Paine asked the reader to keep an open mind, but then with deliberate single-mindedness he insisted there was no other alternative, but to separate from England. Throughout the piece, he referred to the colonies as the continent and England as an island. By the sheer vastness of geography he contended, "but there is something absurd, in supposing a Continent to be perpetually governed by an island,"(142) a perspective which may not have been previously contemplated. Paine also made a valid point when he argued that America should be independent because of its resources that had made Great

Britain dependent on it, not the other way around. As far as the issue of sovereign rule, Paine felt, "in America the law is king"(145). He even presented an outline of how the new alternative government would conduct itself, offering a well thought out plan in language that could be grasped and considered. At every turn, he tried to anticipate the opposition's arguments, then eloquently refuted them.

Another of Paine's appeals was to convince the reader of the importance and destiny of America as the land of freedom. Paine closed his argument in Common Sense with the following stirring passage:

> *Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind. (145)*

Words were eventually replaced by action. By the year's end in 1776, America was entrenched in war with Great Britain. Suffering a series of defeats, it needed desperately to motivate the revolutionaries to continue their quest for independence. Thomas Paine's The American Crisis was just the spark needed to rekindle their desire. His opening line, "These are the times that try men's souls," has been quoted throughout history because of its pertinence. He persistently pointed out that the price of freedom was high, but for precisely that reason, it was valued. Tyranny should not be tolerated. The king was portrayed as no more than a common criminal, undeserving of loyalty and trust. Paine likened the Revolution to an effort by France in the fourteenth century to rid itself of the English armies. France was successful because of a few, led by Joan of Arc. Paine reasoned that surely Americans could have similar success if their hearts were sincere. Through citing examples of battles where the underdog won, Paine hoped to inspire the revolutionaries' fortitude to go on to victory. If they were united, they could succeed. If they were divided, they were doomed to fail. He tried to thwart procrastination when he wrote, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace"(147). This would also have appealed to their duties as fathers. Paine was trying to get them to reason with their hearts and their heads. It was too late to turn back.

Both of these works, Common Sense and The American Crisis, were superb examples of Thomas Paine's cunning with his pen. He predicted the separation of America from Great Britain to be inevitable, because one offered friendship, the other force. In the end, rhetoric would solve nothing. Only war would answer the question the king had asked of America.



MR. "P"
Laura Seely

Patchwork
by Penny Strauss

Andrea sat up to apply another layer of lotion to her golden brown skin. The restful days on the beach and the sun's constant shining had brought a healthy glow back to her battered body. Except for the scars, of course. They remained fresh and pink and stood out now against her suntanned skin as a constant reminder of what happened. She touched the scars on her neck with her fingertips and although the physical pain was gone, she still shuddered at the touch as she too vividly recalled the knife at her throat.

"No," she told herself and quickly withdrew her hand from the healed wound. "I must forget, I must forget," she drilled the thought into her mind. "I am well and ready to return. All the doctors agree," she told her self again, as if repeating it over and over would make her believe it. They had successfully stitched and patched her body back together but the wounds to her soul remained raw, open and unbound.

Her flight back to New York was scheduled for tomorrow but she did not feel ready. Even now the nights and darkness frightened her. She wasn't sleeping well, but rather spent hours sorting through the nighttime sounds of the wind ruffling the window blinds and the din of the traffic out on the highway, listening for any sounds of danger. Even daylight hours brought little relief for her. Phones and doorbells reminded her of the honking of horns in the busy city that night. People frightened her as well. When her eyes would meet another's as they passed on the street, she would recall the piercing eyes of that night and feel betrayed again.

Only here on the quiet beach did she feel safe. People passed and said hello without connection, without eyes having to meet. There were never surprises as she could see people from far down the open expanse of seashore. The gentle breezes whispering in the palms and the rolling of the waves calmed her soul like soft music and reassuring words of comfort. But even in the quietness the question always returned. "Why hadn't they trusted her more?" She had worked so hard and long to build their trust. She had lived among them and cared for their children. She had offered herself freely -- perhaps too freely. Perhaps they saw her generosity as threatening instead of genuine. It made no sense to her even now. Her work at the Center meant the promise of a better life for the children with a safe place to play, a good meal once a day and a chance to learn that there was more to life than fear and pain and the wretchedness of drug addiction.

She knew that drugs was at the root of all that had happened. Her attackers needed the young children to keep their business thriving and growing. Her work was a threat to their survival. They needed customers even if it meant destroying the lives of the children of their own neighborhood and families.

Just then a horn sounded in the distant parking lot and startled Andrea from her reflection. She covered her ears to stop the sound but the flashes of memory were already clear -- the tall dark shadows of the men surrounding her, the noise

and clamor, the honking of horns of the nearby traffic, her shouts and screams heard by no one as she had walked hone later than usual that night. She heard again the clicks of the knives opening and the clanging of chains coming out of their pockets. She buried her face in her towel in the sand, closed her eyes tightly, and tried to eject the vivid pictures from her mind without success. "Intruder," they had shouted at her as they held her down and intruded into the most private part of her being, violent and cruel and never-ending. "Heal yourself, nurse-lady," they had jeered as they broke her wrists and ankles with the chains and slit her face and neck with their knives, then running off and leaving her for dead.

She trembled and cried again, as she had each night since, until she drifted into sleep with the sounds of the beach, the sands and warm breezes blowing around her. And in her sleep she began to dream. But today, instead of the familiar nightmare, her dream was different. She saw the beach, the waves,and the palms. She looked up and saw the clouds and the birds with agile wings soaring high into the white fluffy heavens and then suddenly the vision took her higher as well. At first the flight seemed slow, progressing only inches at a time; then, suddenly she burst through the billowing clouds with height and speed that even birds could not attain. The clouds surrounded her like soft, protecting pillows. She felt safe and secure and she rested in this peaceful new world until she felt like venturing on. "What more can there be beyond this?" she wondered in her dream and then the clouds broke and she could see below. Never had she viewed the earth this way before. It was like an intricate patchwork quilt of fields and forests, seashores and cities, rivers, hills and highways. And then she say the people -- a patchwork quilt themselves of rich and poor, black and white, happy and sad, old and young. The patches of children caught her eye, running and waving to her, except for the little crippled boy who stood with tears in his eyes. As quickly as she had been lifted, she was down again. Andrea ran to the children and realized how firm a footing she had on the ground compared to being in the clouds. She gathered the children together and they picked flowers and laughed as they wiggled their toes in the grass. She took them to the seashore and they laughed and chased her down the beach. She carried the crippled child and dried his tears.

She awoke as the water splashed her toes. It was warm and refreshing. She could hear rhythm of the waves moving and she could feel the stirring within herself to do the same. For the last time she stood and walked the water's edge. Tomorrow she would return to complete the patchwork she started.

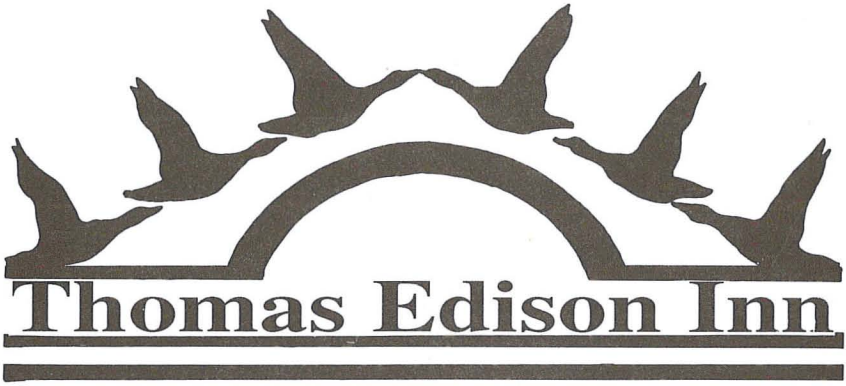
Stopping by Polls on Election Day
by Jenine Ulrich

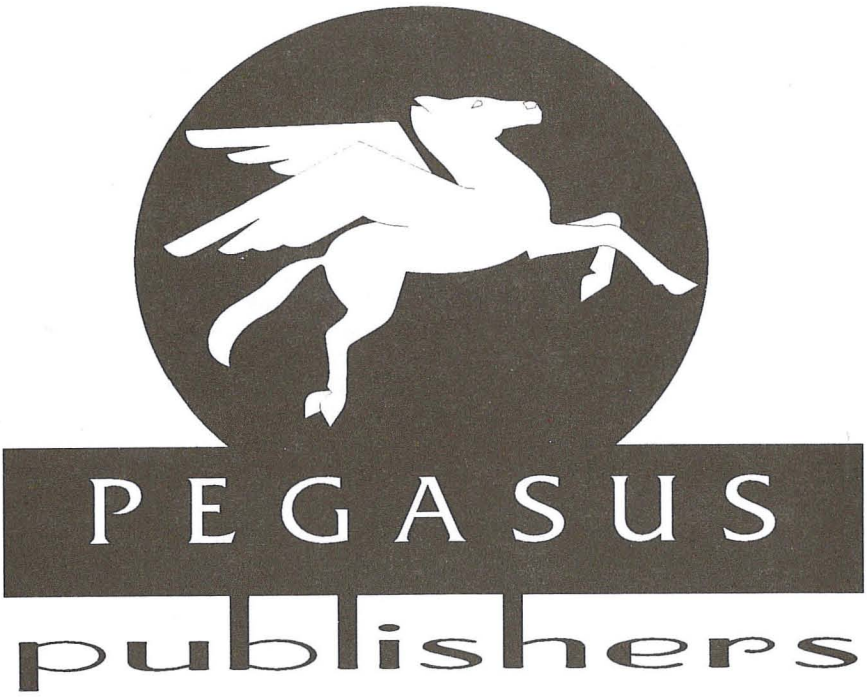
Whose race this is I do not know.
His house will be in D.C. though;
He will not see me voting here
In Tuesday's patriotic show.

My little son must think it queer
To spend an hour standing here.
Decisions grown-ups have to make
Are tougher this election year.

We cast our votes for duty's sake,
A silent voice the worst mistake.
Democracy is ours to keep
So long as we've the choice to make.

With lines so long, could be a sweep,
Campaigning's done, the climb was steep,
And he'll have promises to keep,
And he'll have promises to keep.





LOGO - DESIGN
Robin Cash

Loyalty, At What Price?

2nd Place

by Peter Fryjdun

The film A Dry White Season delves into the social crisis in South Africa. It is a land and culture that is very foreign to most viewers, and it is rather difficult for us to associate with in our own minds. But there is a strong secondary theme running through the film that should be understood by any adult. It is a theme that is woven very skillfully throughout the film. This theme is explored from several different viewpoints. Its portrayal is very realistic, though provoking, and at times shockingly cruel. It tends not to answer any questions, but instead generates many more, often unanswerable questions in the mind of the viewer. The viewer is forced to evaluate and come to a decision, conclusion or viewpoint. At times the viewer must do some real soul searching to arrive at the answer. Yet at other times, this theme is so subtle it fades in the background like a pale wallflower. The secondary theme that the film explores is that of loyalty. This film does an extraordinary job in helping the viewer to explore the subject of loyalty with regards to his or her own feelings on the matter.

We see many vivid examples in the film of people who are whole-heartedly loyal to a single belief, cause, or person. In these examples the theme of loyalty is so subtle it can easily be overlooked but it is there, asking us some very powerful and important questions. We see Captain Stolz, a loyal Special Branch Officer, dedicated to a cause with passionate loyalty. The cause, stopping so-called black subversives from destroying the country's status quo; goes so far as to use inhumane torture. Then we see Jonathan, a black youth, loyal to the cause of gaining freedom for blacks, to the point of endangering his life, seemingly fearless. Ian MacKenzie, a lawyer, loyally devoted to fighting for justice. Though beaten many times, he rises back to fight again. Then there's Johann who decided to show his loyalty to his father by staying behind with him and helping him expose the truth, to the point of endangering his own life.

These examples of single-minded loyalty can be easily overlooked because they are so subtle. Yet they probably raised these questions in our mind as we viewed the film. How could the captain be so loyal to such a evil cause? How can such a young boy like Jonathan be so loyal under such dangerous circumstances? Why does MacKenzie remain so loyal to a fight he really never wins? While asking these questions, we are hopefully inspired to ask ourselves about how we would react in such situations. In other words, we explore our feelings of loyalty and try to surmise how we would act if put in such a similar circumstance.

There is an example in the film when the question of loyalty is portrayed as being equally divided, in two opposing directions. Soon after discovering the truth about Gordon's murder, Ben is placed in a most precarious and impossible position. He must make a choice of whether to be loyal to his family, or, to the

cause of bringing about justice in regard to the death of his friend Gordon, and his son Jonathan. If he pursues justice, he is placing his family in jeopardy and stands to lose them. If he chooses his family over finding out the truth about Gordon's death, he becomes disloyal to his conscience. As we the audience view this dilemma of where Ben's loyalty should come first, we feel the agony and impossibility of him making such a decision for one side or the other. To abandon either would be wrong, and to follow both successfully an impossibility. It's a gut wrenching decision that we the viewer share in, with Ben. Somehow we are put in an uncomfortable position with him, weighing the options, trying to make this impossible choice. The film explores the dilemma and perplexity of divided loyalty in a most vivid way that we cannot miss or overlook.

The film also explores the question of divided loyalty from another viewpoint. The question is looked at from Suzette's eyes, Ben's daughter. Whereas Ben divides his loyalty, Suzette tips the balance in one direction. She makes a decisive choice, unlike Ben. She, like her mother, chooses loyalty to the family, but unlike her mother she takes on an active role in what she perceives as loyalty to her family. She does so by co-operating with the Security Branch. It must be understood that she does this not because of hatred towards her father, but because of love and loyalty toward the whole family. The scene in the restaurant when Suzette and her father hugged each other, clearly brought out the depth of her love for her father. By the choice she made, she hoped to be able to restore the life of the family to the way it was before. We can't be too harsh on Suzette because obviously her heart was out to do good and she acted in loyalty toward her whole family. Instead we should consider ourselves and how we would act in such a situation. would we be like Suzette or more like Johann? The film brings out the agony and difficulty in Suzette's decision of where to lay her loyalty.

The question of loyalty is as vast and intricate as the functioning of the human mind. The film explores the theme of loyalty form many directions and viewpoints. It approaches the subject in such a way so as to involve the viewer and allow him or her to explore their feelings on the question. At times the viewer is asked to agree or disagree with a course of action involving loyalty. At other times the viewer is forced to go through the agonizing thought process with the character. This not only brings real life to the film that we can relate to in some form or another but also helps us to consider how we may frame decisions in our own minds when it comes to a question regarding loyalty.



MOUNTAINS & MONOLYTHS
John Sexton

The Waiting Room

2nd Place

by Robin Cash

I slowly tapped the end of my pen on the cold marble desk top in the waiting room. The secretary was carrying on a hushed conversation with a person on the telephone. Judging from her flustered demeanor, I assumed the person she was speaking to was upset. "The doctor will call you as soon as he can...yes, I will give him your message," is what I heard her tell the person in the most reassuring tone she could muster. Seemingly annoyed, she hung up the phone and tried to regain her composure. Then after a moment or two, she turned her attention to me.

I told her that I had a 3:00 appointment with Dr. Davis, and that I had arrived early so I could fill out any of the necessary paperwork needed for me to begin treatment. She gave me a plastic smile and handed me a stack of forms that would soon expose my entire personal and family life history. "Just fill these out and return them to me when you've finished. Then you may see the doctor," she said with her perpetual smile. I took my clipboard, with pen attached and my tidy stack of forms to the only empty chair in the room. I sat down and noticed that I was being observed by nearly everyone in the room. I think that waiting rooms tend to have that effect on people. In a psychologist's office this diversionary pastime is even more interesting. It was apparent that everyone was trying to analyze everyone else.

I started to fill in the top portion of page one when I noticed that a disheveled "Charles Manson look alike" was repeatedly dropping his coffee stirrer near my feet. He would lean over to pick up the stirrer, then look up my dress; he did this about four or five times. Then he complimented me on my shoes. I thought, "Great, out of all the people in here I get to sit next to a psychopath with a foot fetish. What a way to start my first day of therapy." My nervousness increased with each page I filled out. I glanced across the room, and noticed a well-dressed businessman peering out from behind a copy of the Wall Street Journal. I smiled, and he abruptly returned to his facade of reading the paper. I wondered, humorously, what he was there for. He looked pretty uptight, an anal-retentive type, probably henpecked. Then I kind of laughed when I thought that he was probably trying to figure out what my problem was. A person couldn't really tell by looking at me. I've always made sure of that. I really try to keep it together as far as appearances are concerned. It's important that I look sane even if I don't happen to feel that way at the moment.

I began to silently count the people in the room. There were seven. According to statistics, that meant that there were at least one or two other people who've been in some sort of abusive situation, maybe even more than just one or two.

My mute suppositions were interrupted by the muffled sound of ripping paper. I looked at a woman seated near me and smiled. I saw that she was tearing a page of recipes out of the magazine she was reading. The woman, noticing my amusement, blushed and guiltily explained that she had started a diet and there were some wonderful low-fat recipes in this magazine, and how she thought the doctor wouldn't mind her tearing out a page of the waiting room magazine. As she rambled on, I was puzzled at the disproportionate amount of guilt the woman seemed to be feeling. Then I wondered about why she was there. The guilt maybe, or an eating disorder, could be anything.

My gaze swept across the room again. A little girl had just come in the door. She looked like she was about seven or eight. I noticed with some disapproval that she seemed to be alone, although she didn't seem to mind. She sat down on the floor and pulled a box of art supplies from her backpack. The girl laid her things on the coffee table in front of me. I watched her write the name Libby at the top of the page. I decided that must be her name, since she labeled all her pages that way. The name suited her perfectly I thought.

She was pretty but not in the usual way. Someone else might not even notice her looks; she was ordinary and intriguing at the same time. She was skinny and short for her age. She had medium brown curly hair, cut bluntly, shoulder length, falling out of her barrettes, probably from the cold wind outside. Her skin was milky, white; she looked frail, as though she had been ill for a while or coming down with something. Her eyes were the most intriguing thing about her. They were large and slightly almond shaped, and set too far apart to be considered truly pretty, but they were a marvelous shade of green. The color reminded me of pine needles, not actually hazel and not emerald green, but something in between. They seemed like sad eyes. They made her look wise, like she had seen a lot of suffering. I looked at her and smiled. She looked at me blankly for a moment, then returned to her drawings without smiling back.

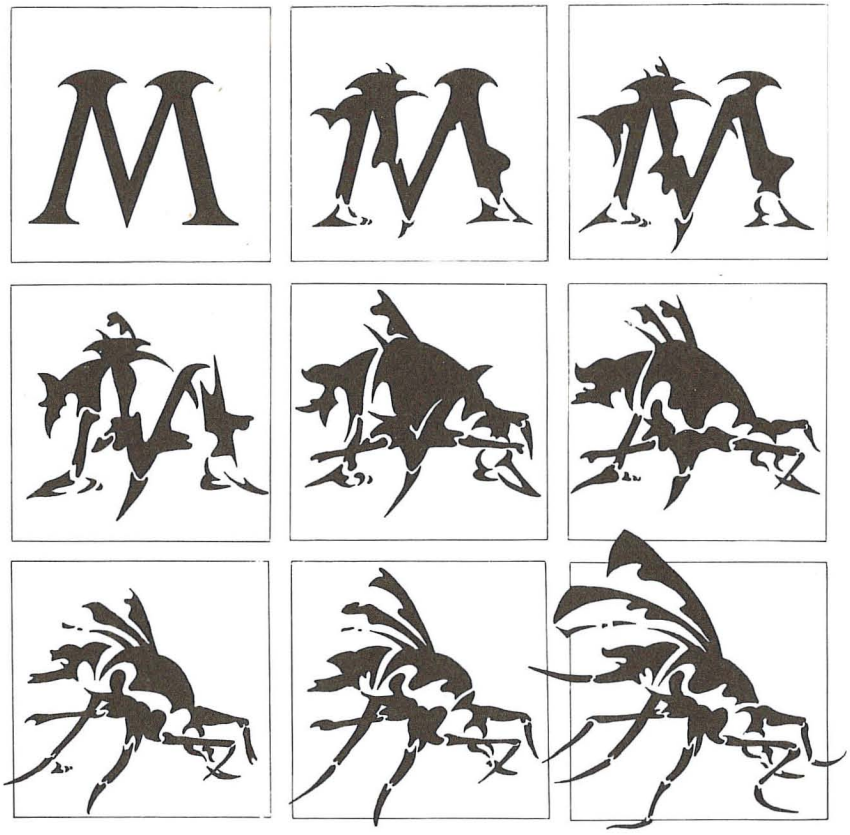
As an artist, I was very curious to see what her drawings were like. I shifted my position in the chair so I would have a better view without being obvious or making her uncomfortable. She drew beautifully, with a real sense of artistic pizzazz. There were drawings of people. They were portraits done from the shoulders up, and all of the people were dressed fancifully with hats, scarves, ties, jewelry, makeup. I was impressed with her attention to detail. Artistically speaking, she had real potential. My mind began reviewing studies I'd done and articles I'd read about children who use art and drawing as a way of dealing with their pain. I remembered doing it myself when I was little. I thought about the girl and wondered about her sad face.

I began to wonder what circumstances would bring such a young child into a therapist's office. After all, I knew why I was there. I thought about her sad expression, particularly her eyes. I shivered as a chill went down my back. I remembered the times as a kid that I had worn that sad expression.

Suddenly, the door leading to the hallway opened. Finally Dr. Davis appeared. He quickly took his messages from the secretary and entered the waiting room. I looked up expectantly, waiting to be invited in. Just then the little

girl in front of me, turned casually to the doctor and said, "Hi, daddy." He smiled at her and said, "Hi ya, kiddo, how's it goin'?" They had a brief chat as I stood off to the side. Looking at the girl, I noticed all traces of sadness had disappeared.

The doctor then addressed me and invited me back in to his office. Smiling to myself, I made my way down the hallway, ready to begin my first therapy session. The only thing I could think of was, "So much for my suppositions." I had a feeling that this might be a good time to start looking within myself if I want to see a little girl who really needs some help.



MOSQUITO
Dean C. Hency

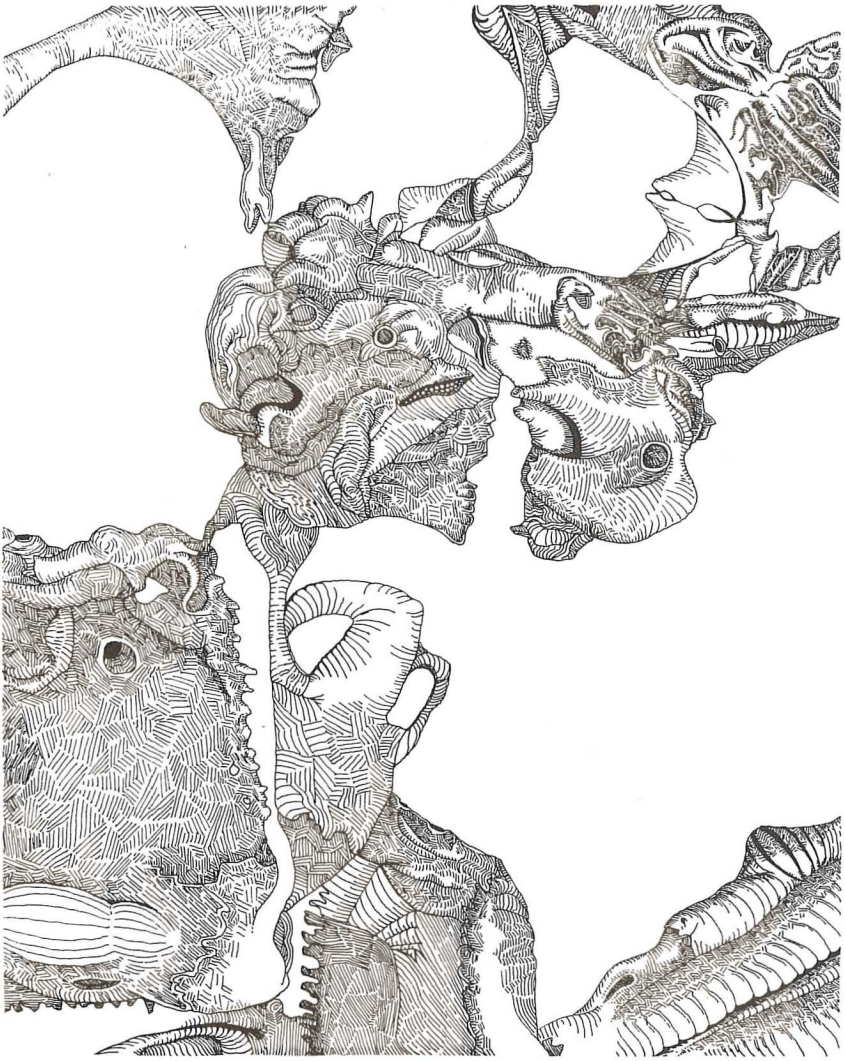
Mr. Right Now
by Elizabeth Noetzel

Brown cashmere sweater
pulled from the box
clung to every curve imaginable
assuring her success tonight

Sheer silken stockings
defined sleek strong lines
of forbidden fruit
purposely teasing Mr. Right Now

Scanty leather skirt
revealed young taut flesh
poised, ready to please
only needing an appropriate gesture

Velvet stilletto heels
clicked resentfully out of view
beckoning him to follow
willing to beg for a sampling



VALLEY OF THE MARROW
Kevin J. Erickson

A Noiseless Patient Spider
by Walt Whitman

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It lauch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

The Spider and the Soul
by Lori Shymko

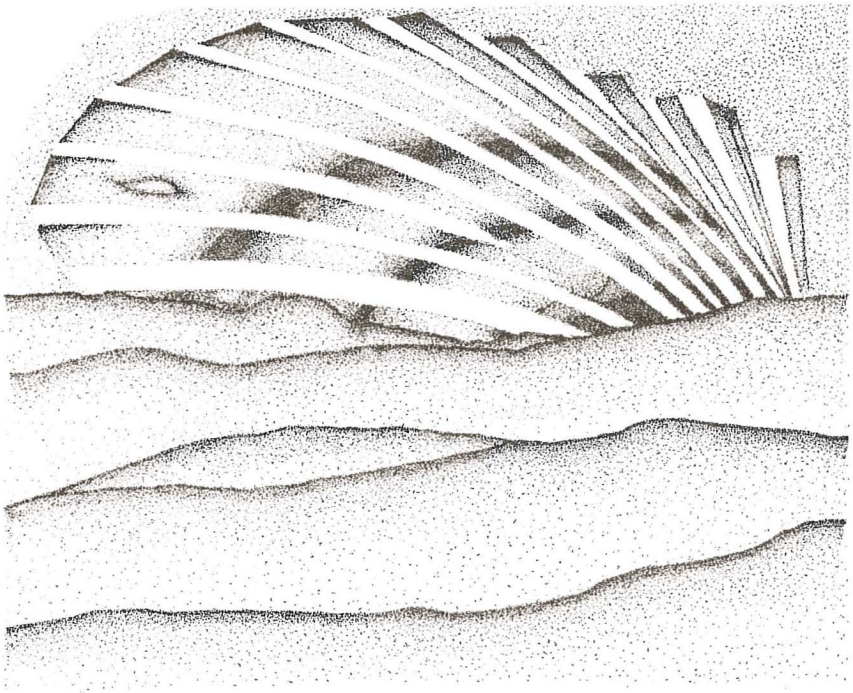
From the very beginning, Walt Whitman's "A Noiseless Patient Spider" lures the reader into a clever web of thought. The lone spider is the focus of the first stanza and so the reader believes that this is a poem about an insect. But as the reader continues, he discovers it is much more, for Whitman parallels the spider's action with his own soul-searching in the second stanza. This comparison serves him well, because of their similar qualities which he points out so eloquently in his prose-like style.

The poem opens with a spider being observed by the speaker. Even though the spider is isolated on a tiny island, it attempts to explore new territory by continuously sending out threadlike fibers which attach themselves, assuring the spider of some success. The speaker studies and comes to admire the tenacity of the spider. In the second stanza, the speaker addresses his soul, for he realizes that his soul is in the same quandary as the spider. His soul is isolated within himself and is spiritually trying to reach out to find some meaning to life.

Whitman's use of literary devices in this poem is limited, but effective. He uses alliteration sparingly. It can be heard in "vacant vast" and "for the filament, filament, filament". The repetition of the word "filament" emphasizes the continual efforts of the spider in an almost endless fashion. Whitman describes his soul as "Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking" which also has an eternal quality about it. Even though the reader knows that a soul can't literally

"stand", "need", or "fling", Whitman makes it seem as if it can. He addresses his soul as "you" in order to have a personal tone conveyed. Not unlike the spider, he wishes his soul's "gossamer thread" to take hold so he can find his path.

The poem's beauty lies in its understandable language and its romantic view. Whitman's sympathetic interest in the nature of spider corresponds effectively with the spiritual nature of the soul, searching for direction. He balances the poem by treating each subject with equal reverence. The spider is every bit as beautiful as a man's soul, and just as industrious.



UNCOVERED TREASURE
Nancy Ketcham

Where Have All the Children Gone?

by Sandra J. Cowan

Children play an integral part in the lives of almost every adult today, whether the child is someone's grandchild, niece, nephew, son, or daughter. Seemingly, people would want to protect these young persons both physically and emotionally. Generally, society takes care of its youngest members; however, many go unnoticed, uncared for, and are haphazardly shuffled through the system. Under the guise of protecting children, there are many instances where our system falls hopelessly short of even taking minimal care of their well being. The end results of these inadequacies in our system can be painful court cases, permanent emotional or physical damage, or even death to the very child the system is designed and paid to protect.

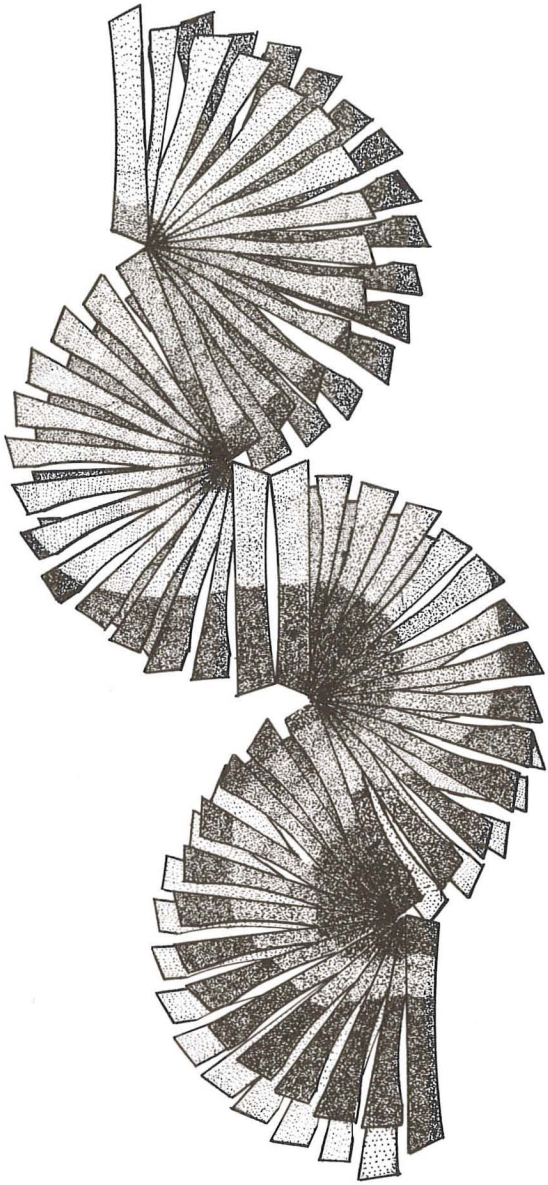
In almost everyone's neighborhood or backyard across America today are children who are victims of parental abuse and are now being raised in foster homes. Several years ago I lived in one such neighborhood, where an extraordinary couple was raising a boy in their home as their foster child. James, the young boy in the electric wheelchair, had been beaten severely by his natural father, who was at that time serving eight to ten years in prison and rehabilitation facilities for the crimes against his child. The damage from the beatings had left James severely handicapped and in need of special care from his foster family. They raised him, provided for him, and loved him through many difficult years. When James's father was released from prison, he petitioned the courts for custody of his son. The distraught foster parents found themselves helpless in the courts, where the only important issue seemed to be returning James to his biological father. After several futile attempts of Jame's foster parents to adopt him, he was returned to his father, who had been deemed rehabilitated. Less than a year had elapsed when James's caseworker notified his foster parents that he had died at the hand of the very father that had handicapped him in the first place. Although the father was sent to prison again, where was the protection for James in the system that claims to be in place to protect the children?

Another situation where the system does not adequately fulfill its responsibilities to the children occurs in the grave lack of family-preservation programs and the vast amount of children in long-term foster care. One such story is about the precedent-setting case of Gregory K. Gregory is a twelve year old boy who has spent eight years in foster care and has become so tired of being shuffled around, that he is seeking to divorce his maternal mother. After having endured eight years of misery and loneliness, this action would enable another (more stable) family to adopt him. In theory, foster families are supposed to be temporary havens for children of dysfunctional homes, while a family-preservation program works with the biological parents to reconstruct the family unit and help the children in crisis. The reality of the matter is that far too many children are falling through the cracks

in the system and getting lost for years in the foster care programs. Overloaded caseworkers and a dire lack of funds in most, if not all, states have aided in the perpetuation of a system that is almost as dysfunctional as the actual families and children in crisis.

The final example is that of a minor child's lack of rights to terminate a pregnancy without parental or judicial consent. Here, the dysfunctional home can serve as a breeding ground for lack of communication and rebellion. Perhaps a situation of rape or incest has been a factor in the teen pregnancy. Whatever the reason, young girls who are unable to confide in their parents are choosing alternative measures to get abortions. They are going to back-alley, illegal abortion clinics, or making long trips to different states and not getting proper initial treatment or follow-up care and they are dying. The presumed logic behind the parental consent law is that if a parent is excluded from the knowledge of a teen's abortion it "is to risk, or perpetuate, estrangement or alienation from the child when she is in the greatest need of parental guidance and support." Obviously a support, communication, and guidance system was lacking in the home in the first place, and perpetuating it would be far preferable to exposing our children to the risk of death. Where are the pro-choice activists and the pro-life advocates, when our children are out there alone, scared and possibly dying?

All three of the previous examples cited are related by one common thread. What is in the best interest of our children, our life force, our future? The social agencies and moral dilemmas of our country are putting more and more of our children at risk, and affording them less protection from the dysfunctional system that we have created to protect them.



MECHÀNICAL SEARPANTS
Shane Peters

A Rite of Passage

Second Place

by Sean Alan Thompson

"Hey, old man, come look at my boat!!" The shrill whining tone gritted in the ears. Todd grimaced. "Not the most respectful tone I've heard, not by a long shot," he thought as he turned to his grandfather. He was still mending a sail that had threatened to rip the last time they had been out on the lake. His weathered face was set in concentration, as if the voice had never been heard.

When the winter snows come to Treadsville and the ice in the harbor is lower than a sloop's keel, hardly a soul will be found to tough out the months of cold. This is a resort town, where the well-off come to spend the summer. Todd wasn't one of them, but he did come every time school let out to see "Grampa the sailor." The other kids usually left them alone since they were so much older than he was. The 17- and 18- year olds didn't much notice 15-year old Todd, which was just fine with him. They were too loud and reckless for his taste. They couldn't sail very well, try as they would to deny it. They thought like machines, and that's how they sailed. They could react without thinking but that's all they could do -- react. They used the water and the wind like a man uses a shovel, without emotion. They couldn't flow with the elements and become one with the ship, the crew, the lake. Out on the water they were just a bunch of people on a finely crafted piece of wood or fiberglass. When Grampa and Todd went out, they were a team. More than that, they were part of the ship, part of the wind and the water. They could tell that the spar had to be swung or the jib to be raised before the sail went slack. No words were spoken; none were needed. They were part of the lake, and the lake knew its own.

Now the big kids had crossed the line. They were intruding. Todd's time with Grampa was precious, and they were cutting it short. How he wished they would just go away! He didn't want them to like him, just to leave him and his grampa alone. Todd turned around to see who was talking. It was Mark Maskcal, the resident summer jock. His father sent Mark here every summer to give him an appreciation for nature. So far, the only wildlife Mark had an interest in was the kind that frequents the diner in the middle of town during the summer months. Now he was at the dock, his truck backing a catamaran into the water of the little bay. Now he was trying to get Grampa's attention to show off his new toy. Three or four of his cronies, kids like himself only a little younger, were orbiting the boat, getting as close as they dared but afraid of touching it lest they incur Mark's wrath. Mark was walking toward them, eager to show off the cat. "What's that ya working on, Gramps? A sail? It ain't even torn. What's the use of fixin' somethin' when it ain't broke?" Mark laughed at the joke he thought he'd

made. "You won't have a problem like that with this girl, though." It has the newest innovation in sail technology, rigid sails. Instead of cloth, the sail is made of lightweight polymers and plastics. It won't rip, tear, or go slack. If the wind stops blowing hard enough, a motor in the mainmast will tack the sail automatically to compensate...."

Mark kept on talking, extolling the virtues of his cat, the "Little Miss." Todd liked the lines of the big cat, but the stream of words coming out of Mark's mouth was just too much (Yak, yak, yak, yak. When is he just going to shut up and try her out. It's not like he'll ever run out of wind if he talks like that on the water). He looked over at his grandfather to see how he was taking this. The man had looked up from his work and was politely listening, like a steamship weathering a gale. The look on his face was one of patience, like when a sudden cross wind kept him and Todd from entering the bay at the end of a jaunt. The face said, "....And this too shall pass." Todd felt a little better at that. He thought that if Grampa can tolerate it, there must be something he could learn from the torrent of syllables coming out of Mark's mouth. Then Todd heard something on the backwater of Mark's monologue, like an undertow that interested them after most of his mind had already been poured out his mouth. He told them that he and his buddies were going to go out today and break some of the town's speed records.

That woke them up. For once Todd had to let Grampa speak first; he was too busy trying to untie his tongue. "Have ya checked the weather forecast for tonight, Mark? There's supposed to be a pretty bad storm with some fair winds all over Superior" ("Fair winds" to Grampa meant from 40 to 50 knots). Mark just shrugged, "The stronger the wind, the faster she goes, so let the wind blow! My Little Miss will beat anything else on the water." Todd finally gave up any pretense of speech. He knew nothing he said could stop Mark now. It was plain that he was crazy and that soon the world would have one less captain wannabe to deal with. In a way it was a relief. No one would blame them for letting him go since Mark didn't <u>think</u> he was committing suicide. The sheriff and local Coast Guard station people knew the lake, not like Grampa and Todd, but better than the hot shot summer kids. They would understand if Todd just stood there and he and Grampa let them go out. Grampa kept trying to convince Mark to stay ashore, but it was like trying to open up a bulkhead with an industrial strength wooden toothpick. Even as Mark and his entourage-turned-crew set out toward the lake, Grampa was still trying to get them to stay at the dock. It was too late. They had already decided that he wasn't worth listening to. In a couple of minutes they were out of the cove and out of sight, headed toward a huge bank of forbidding black clouds.

Then Grampa did something Todd wasn't expecting, He went over to the shed and took out the spare sail for the ship. Then he started walking to their ship with a look in his eyes that Todd had never seen before. He didn't understand it, but Todd knew what was going on; he knew what they were going to do.

To his amazement, Todd finally found his voice, "Why? Why are we going after them? They made their choice. Yes, maybe they are stupid, but just because they don't know any better doesn't mean we have to die trying to save their empty heads from filling with water." They walked on to the dock where their ship lay. As they were shipping the sail, Grampa started to speak. "No, Todd. That is exactly why we have to go after them. Because we know better, we have a responsibility to them to use our talents and knowledge to help other people when they're in trouble, even when they're supposed to know better." As he was talking, they readied the "Wisdom" for launch. "When you were little, Todd, you wanted to find out why the water bubbled when your mother put it on the stove. She told you that it was because the stove was hot, but you had to find out for yourself. Because we know what lies ahead for Mark and his crew we have to go. Now go get the foul-weather gear while I get us out of the cove. And bring up some snacks while you're down there. Pretty soon we aren't going to want to open a hatch if we can help it."

About fifteen minutes out, Todd took the helm so that Grampa could look through his binoculars. He turned to Todd, gave him the glasses and told him to sweep out port amidships and tell him what he saw. "The whitecaps are changing direction. What does that mean?" The old man took the helm and answered, "There is a front pushing the gale to starboard. The winds on the other side of the front blow from a diff'rent quarter than on this side. From what Mark told me about the rigging, or lack of it, they won't have enough time to tack when the front line passes him. The plastic sail's gonna capsize the cat before you can say 'I told you so.' Now go for'd and swing the sail before the lake deals us a similar blow."

After slaking the sail, Todd had some time to think and get ready for what was to come. "He's right. Why is it when I finally think I know what's right and what's wrong, something happens to blow away everything I think I've figured out. Mark's a jerk, but that's not enough to die for, it isn't. I wonder why Grampa still asks me to come up every summer. It seems like all he ever gets to do is teach me stuff so I can be a half-way decent deck hand. And now we're going after Mark Maskcal to save him from himself. This'll make a great story for 'What I did on my summer vacation,' if it doesn't get us killed first."

"Todd, we have thirty seconds till the front passes over us, ye better brace yourself, we're going to start really moving!" Todd got in his spot, ready to jump in any direction required. Captain Grampa was at the helm and there was no more doubt, no more worrying about what lay ahead. Now there was only determination and a single-mindedness that exceeded simple will. As the wind filled their sail, it seemed more than a random act of nature. The lake and the ship and Todd and Grampa had melded together as a single consciousness. It took the form of two men on a piece of wood named Wisdom on a course into the maelstrom to save a part of humanity from itself.

A Bar in Soho
by Rachelle Davis

The rooms smelled of sex,
catacombs of mold, sweat, parchment.
Uniformed couches, attentive,
drenched with stains and smears
of alcohol and manliness.

I was an outcast among these men -
 on men.
Liquified in glass menageries
with zippers open and jeans clinging knees.
Drone of buzzing moans and screaming heights,
panting, hurried blurs of penetration
as flesh glazed in the aquarium lights.
I felt nauseous, guilty of watching.

In the open plain of glistening male bodies,
strobe lights flashed erections of a new dance age.
Drag queens lustily pushed thighs at steel bars
in cages that swayed with drunkenness
form the dome structure.
Men below drooled, whined their easy pretenses.

Five sweltering men, up high where I could see
discarded their clothes
form heaving chests, pumping buttocks
as Techno drummed at their hips.
Their arms pulled, embraced the crowd
as money crammed their elastic belts.
Swooning, laughter, chatting, screams
cluster the room but is filled with security,
and I am safe.

Masculine dolls touch, caress, embrace
on the dance floor
slithering on skin, on tongues.
The feminine squeals, "Girlfriend!"
pats on the hand, flicks of the wrist,
mannerisms of a different generation,
which I am not part of.

The dancing: slow, fast, hard, pushing, grinding
on couches
on wooden floors,
on bars,
in swinging cages.
Swirling inebriation in the air,
odor of stale, musty sex
clinging to nostrils,
as they cling to loins
as catalysts.

In the bathrooms,
that weren't specific,
men in makeup, bras, heels,
snort powder off glass vanities,
primping perms, painting lips,
pushing up the tissue crumpled at their chests,
brushing lashes, stretching out the bags of nylon
clustered at their ankles, stuffing condoms in their purses.

A new way: unique, frightening, deadly.
Bizarre inner sanctums,
caring little for offspring,
generations, the norm.
Unafraid of each other;
Of their blood.

'Tis Brilliant!

by Donna Hiebert

Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky" is found within his story Through the Looking Glass. Alice discovers the poem while inside the Looking-glass House. "'It seems very pretty,' she said when she had finished it, 'but it's rather hard to understand!... However, somebody killed something: that's clear, at any rate--.'" This intriguing comment comes from one of Carroll's own characters. It is as though Carroll is admitting that the poem is difficult for those who insist on deriving exact meaning from all of the words, yet can be appreciated for its beautiful sound and the incredible story it conveys. Within it, Carroll extends the boundaries of the English language and proves that nonsense can indeed make sense.

"Jabberwocky" is only seven short stanzas in length, yet it tells a surrealistic tale of a brave young man who, after being warned of a nightmarish creature, hunts it down, chops off its head and returns victoriously to his proud father. Carroll packs this into his tight parameters through the repeat of his opening and closing verses, the use of nonsense words in proper grammatical context, and portmanteau words.

After contemplating the purpose behind the repeat of the opening and closing verses, Carroll's intent becomes clear. The opening verse contains four magnificently constructed lines of nonsense which are used as the introduction and sets the tone of the poem. The reader is made uneasy by phrases that sound as though they should make sense yet defy comprehension. What are "slithy toves" and exactly what happens when they "gyre and gimble in the wabe"? This confusion is unsettling and Carroll deliberately makes the reader wary of what is to come. As if to punctuate this, the next verse begins with, "Beware". The same verse is used at the end of the poem and provides the denouement. At this point, the words seem less threatening because they offer a release from the realm of gibberish.

Several nonsense words in the middle portion of the poem are easily accepted because the way in which they are used is grammatically correct. "Vorpal sword", "manxome foe", and "tulgey wood" all consist of contrived words used as adjectives to describe words which are understandable. The reader may stumble but will continue on, for these words do not interfere with the story.

Carroll also expands the English language through the development of portmanteau words which are combined words with tightly packed meaning. Consider the following lines:

> ***One, two! One, two! And through and through***
> ***The vorpal blade went snicker-snak!***
> ***He left it dead, and with its head***
> ***He went galumphing back.***

An Analysis of "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place"

by Sarah Prout

Ernest Hemingway uses setting to illustrate a theme in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place." This theme reflects the sterility and loneliness of every individual's life. It is an existentialist point of view that illustrates that there is nothing in life. One can fill that emptiness with work, God or a clean well-lighted cafe.

The story begins at night. Hemingway specifically uses the word "late." This refers both to the setting of the story and the stage of the old man's life. It is late, too late, the cafe is closing just as the man's heart is closing to the world. This is borne out by his previous suicide attempt.

The next detail that Hemingway uses to illustrate his theme is, although the man is deaf, at night he can feel the difference between the loud, live, daytime noises and the cool, crisp, silence of night. The man has resigned from the bustle of the day showing he has resigned from life as well. He fills his life by going to the cafes. The daylight world holds no place for him.

Despite the respectability of the cafe, it is a sterile place. People go there to drink, but it is no substitute for a caring home. The old man is degraded by his dependence on the place. Hemingway further shows the humiliation of this man by choosing waiters to comment on the old man's life. Traditionally, waiters are mere service personnel. For them to judge the life of this man adds to his degradation.

The young waiter is cruel to him. He pours the wine hurriedly as though the old man does not deserve the dignity of having a good service and sloshes the brandy over the brim of the cup. The young man dismisses all that the old man is, and may have been, by implying that had the old man killed himself it would have been more convenient for the waiter (line 17). There is no compassion from the waiter thereby reducing the dignity of the old man.

The older waiter, however, and the old man are parallels. They could be the same man at different ages. The old waiter does not want to leave the safe, lighted setting of the cafe. For him there is nothing to go home to. He is willing to wait with the old man, because being awake in the light with company is better than being lonely in the dark.

Hemingway uses the cafe as a ubiquitous focal point to illustrate the futility and isolation of life. Only the young waiter escapes loneliness because he has filled his void with a woman and youth. The waiter sums existentialism up, as he is closing the cafe. He realizes the lack of order in his life by his reluctance to leave the familiarity of the cafe. To fill the nada with cleanliness and light, is the only meaning that the waiter feels he can hope for. The waiter asks himself what does he fear? The answer is, he fears nothing. He fears going home to nothing, being nothing, and having nothing. In a well-lit place, order and cleanliness exist, filling the space where the emptiness resides.

The word "snicker-snak" sounds like nonsense but the definition of the word "snick" is "to strike sharply; to cut, snip, or nick". "Snak" means "to snap". In combination, we are given a powerful image of the sword slicing through the Jabberwock's neck and snapping its vertebrae. After considering the denotative meaning of the word "snicker" which is "to laugh in a half suppressed, often indecorous or disrespectful manner," the sword is viewed as a mocking instrument of battle. The word "galumphing" is a portmanteau word for "galloping" and "triumph". This brings to mind a picture of the boy racing home, waving his trophy victoriously. It is interesting to note that Carroll even added a word to the dictionary when he coined the word "chortled" which means "to chuckle and snort".

At a glance, "Jabberwocky" appears to be a poem consisting of nonsense and meaningless syllables. However, under close scrutiny, Carroll's genius becomes evident. An artist with words, Carroll refused to be restricted by conventional vocabulary and instead expanded the language when it fit his purpose. As a reader, it is not imperative to demand perfect meaning in order to enjoy his masterpiece.



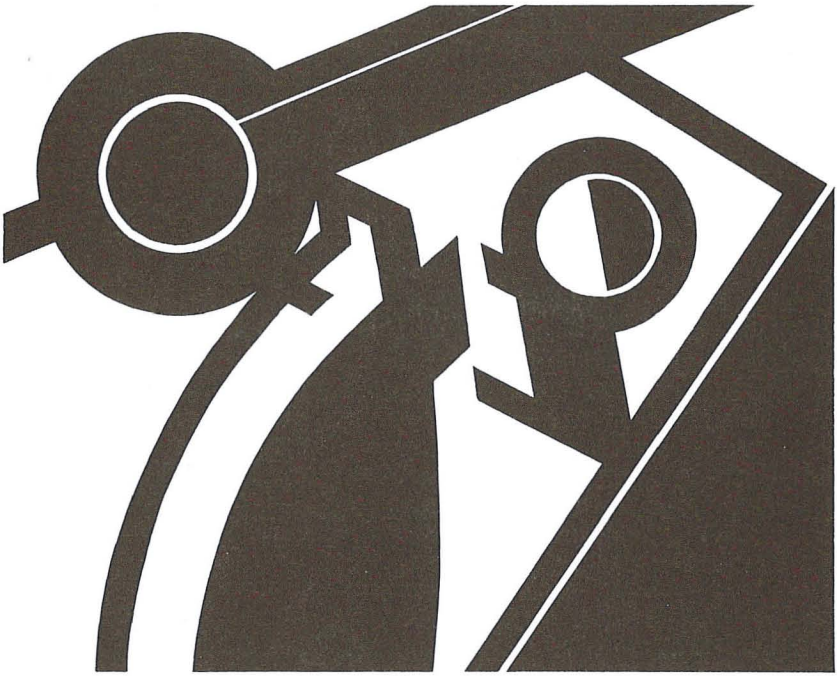
TWO HATS
Heather Lind

There is symbolism in the use of the Lord's prayer in the well lighted cafe. The waiter inserts nada into the prayer as often as possible to illustrate that God does not exist. The cafe has taken the place of God. The irony lies in that Jesus once turned water into wine and now wine has taken the place of Jesus.

As the waiter goes home, he enters a bar. The barman asks him for his preference and he replies nada, nothing. The barman thinks he is crazy. This is because this bar is not a clean well-lit place, and therefore not fitting to take the place of God. Even though the waiter orders a little cup, he does not stay long and observes the bar is dirty. This setting illustrates the fragility of solace from loneliness. If one needs to seek a place to go, alone, it must be a place where the illusion of dignity can be maintained. If the place is clean and well-lit, visitation becomes a happening and not a habit. The process becomes sordid and habitual, however, when the bar is a run down dirty place. In a cafe, a drunk is genteel. In a bar he becomes an old sot. Similarly, a person is tipsy in a country club but drunk in a bar.

The waiter finally goes home at the end of the story. He is only able to sleep with the coming of the light. This symbolizes that whether the light is artificial or religious, or the light of day, it is the only panacea for the emptiness of being human.

Hemingway uses the setting of the cafe, the bar, and the daylight to demonstrate the universitality of his theme of existentialism. His drunk is humiliated in the cafe until one realizes that the cafe is a good thing, a better place than a bar. The daylight concludes the theme by demonstrating light is what holds the loneliness at bay. There are different qualities of light -- the light of the cafe, the light of God, the light of satisfaction that comes with an ordered life, the dim light of a bar and finally the cleansing light of day. Whatever the choice, light is the only escape from emptiness. Through his choice of setting, Hemingway demonstrates this.



OWL
Matthew White

The Spaceship Lollipop
by C. Brett Johnson

PROLOGUE:

One windy summer night, I was walking through the woods to get to my house. As I came out of the woods and into the clearing of my freshly cut lawn, I felt a hot white light come over me. I looked up, and I was instantly blinded by the ultra-fluorescence of the strange light. I quickly turned my head away and looked at my feet. I was standing in a huge spotlight generated by a UFO!

And as I stood there speechless, a hotter, even more intense beam of light shot down and penetrated my brain. My soul was lifted upward into the air and my physical shell stood still in suspended animation. My soul, for once, felt free and joyous. I forgot everything I had been told, and the words of Vladimir Nabokov echoed throughout my spirit. "Workers of the world disband; the world was created on a Sunday." I was now one with a group of strange and beautiful aliens. I closed my eyes and let the psychedelic color-swirls dance around my brain...

Mount Rushmore, beach balls, a job at the mall, barbecues, and voluptuous ladies dressed in bikinis -- these are the images of my summer vacations. Ever since I was a participant in the public school system, my summers have been nearly carbon copies of each other. My friends and I did the same things every summer because we simply could not think of anything else to do. However, the summer of 1992 was something different. It did have the redundancy of summers past, but an unknown ingredient was thrown in to give this summer some real flavor. This ingredient is known as "Lollapalooza", an all day concert featuring the best in alternative music and the strangest sights to ever surface in American pop culture. Anybody looking for a way to escape the manacles of a traditional, trendy summer vacation should definitely attend the Lollapalooza festival. It changed the way I look at summer vacation and the way I look at my life.

From the time I entered the Pine Knob pavilion, to the time I stumbled into a car twelve hours later, I knew I was in the middle of something perverse. It was good to know that, for once, I would not have to look at geeky, video camera-totting tourists decked out in shorts and black tube socks (Actually there were some, but they were quickly killed and eaten by a group of skinheads before I had a chance to be offended by tourists' repulsive actions). I saw more than skinheads though; I saw an assortment of weirdos. It was a collage of distorted fashion styles -- hairstyles of every color and shape without any regard to the traditions of sex stereotypes. I saw men with women's hairdos, I saw women with men's haircuts, I saw people that I could not distinguish by sex because of their hairstyles. I saw half of the world's supply of flannel shirts and leather jackets, but the strangest sight was the image of bondage gear worn as casual wear. To accent their wardrobes, the strange masses wore the most bizarre jewelry -- from connecting rings and

bracelets to pierced nipples, chins, tongues and belly buttons. It was as if Calvin Klein, Dr. Suess and David Lynch had come together to create a new fashion statement for the 1990's. As we were walking around the jewelry booths and food stands to witness these strange appearances, I turned to my friend Erik and said, "Erik, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

"Mike, I don't think we're still on Earth." Erik whispered in fear as his eyes followed yet another freak in the crowd. It seemed to me that Erik had taken quite a liking to the "Squids" at Lollapalooza. A squid is a female alternative music lover, who usually dresses in black outfits -- everything from her dyed hair and black sunglasses, down to her brassiere and fishnet stockings.

Erik and I managed to meet up with our friends and our chauffeurs, Annie and Doug. They had already laid out the blanket and the food for the day (I would not have eaten so much if I had known I would need that food for ammunition later on that day). Doug had gone to last year's concert and told us that each band plays for an hour and then there is an hour break. It was about time for things to start, so Erik and I sat down in eager anticipation for our first hour of alternative music.

Around 11:00 a.m., Lush took the stage. Lush is a group of four ladies from England who sing campy love songs set to hypnotic guitar riffs. I thought they were pretty cool, but no one else in the area paid much attention to them. The crowd literally ignored them. I guess the crowd was still just saving itself for the chaos that was guaranteed to come later.

Up next was Pearl Jam. Pearl Jam is probably the "hippiest" of all of the bands on the concert bill. The lead singer is famous for stage diving, leaping into the crowd during the course of the concert. This time, he only taunted the crowd. I was getting bored, so Erik and I took off our semi-alternative, semi-preppy Eddie Bauer flannel shirts, and I lay down to take in some afternoon rays. The music was good though, and I lay there in the sun with vision of squids dancing in my head.

After Pearl Jam finally left the stage, and after another hour break of relaxation, the kings of "gothic rock and roll" walked on stage. This band is called The Jesus and Mary Chain. Their sound reaches past Heaven and is more devastating than Hell. The Chain utilizes every aspect of the guitar, especially feedback. With their amps cranked up to thirteen, they droned out one song after another. For their last songs, I stood up to get a better view of their peculiar backdrop -- a red fluorescent screen with the silhouette of Jesus pulling Himself away from the cross with a pistol in his hand. Sight and sound had finally come together and I was left speechless. I now understand what they mean when they sing, "I wanna die just like J.F.K./I wanna die on a sunny day/I wanna die just like J.F.K./I wanna die in the U.S.A."

Soundgarden followed at around 4:00 p.m. The sun was directly over us and the rays beat down on us to the hyperactive pulse of Soundgarden's music. Soundgarden has the screeching guitars of Pearl Jam and the gothic fetishes of The Jesus and Mary Chain, except it is all played ten times faster. The crowd was on its feet, jumping around, shouting out the lyrics of every song that was played. In

the middle of the pavilion, a gathering of obnoxious punks congregated to "mosh", or, in other words, run into each other and throw each other around in order to intensify the impact of the music. I remember starting mosh pits at our school dances, but they were always broken up by the chaperons and principals. It was good to see the lack of authority and rampancy of youth. I smiled and bobbed my head to the music as I witnessed the symbolism of life without high schools or school boards.

After watching bands and freaks run around for six hours, Erik and I were getting restless. We had heard that there were some interesting things that were going to go on around 6:00 p.m., so we hit the fairgrounds. Ice Cube was going to perform at 6:00 p.m., but we decided to skip the drum machines and radical opinions of the Black Muslim rapper.

Erik and I first walked over to a stage where people were starting to gather around in anticipation. When we got over there, the band had taken the stage. They called themselves Sharkbait. Their only instruments were drums, about five sets of varied forms of drums. There were five people playing, a lead singer and two dancing girls. Sharkbait started in on some slow, hypnotic beats and slowly grew faster. The lead singer led the crowd in chants set to the music and the two dancing girls started dancing. First, their scantily, rubber clad bodies taunted the crowd, and then they started dancing with each other. I had never seen lesbians dance before, and like the rest of Lollapalooza, it first shocked me and then intrigued me. Before I knew it, I found myself jumping and chanting to the throbbing sound of Sharkbait like the rest of the crowd. When the sound completely filled my body, soul, and mind, and when I thought things could not get any stranger, they did. Two men ran out on the stage to perform along with the band. One man was introduced as Zulu, an African dancer who flipped and maneuvered to the music in his native African outfit, which consisted only of a leather G-string and some face paint. The other man was called Mr. Clean because he was a big, white, bald man, much like the mascot of the popular household cleanser. Mr. Clean both swallowed and breathed fire, sending the crowd into a panic. The two continued to perform for awhile, and then exited the stage. The beats continued, and the lead singer spewed out some anti-establishment propaganda. Then Mr. Clean came out again, this time naked. This really sent the crowd into chaos. He jumped into the crowd and started spitting flames like an old Kiss video. The crowd took off in all directions, which just added to the beauty of the hysteria being created. Once again, Mr. Clean disappeared, and the show ended with the tempo of the drums slowing down and the distribution of stickers and pins.

Erik and I walked away wide-eyed and tongue-tied. We really did not say much, partly because our brains were busy trying to comprehend what had just happened. Before we had a chance to understand the antics of Sharkbait, we had stepped into the crowd of "The Jim Rose Freak Show." From there we continued to be amazed at what we saw. Jim Rose, the ring leader, is probably the king of freaks. Dressed in black cowboy boots and black jeans, he ran the show using the language of a drunken sailor, the twisted wit of Jeffrey Dahmer, and the crazed

gestures of Charles Manson. From there he introduced "The Torture King", a man who stuck needles, nails, and barbecue skewers through every imaginable part of his body. After that, there was "Lifto", a man who would lift things by the rings pierced in his body -- this included lifting a cement block by his nipples! Erik and I watched about four people faint during the show, and two more were going to fall after they watched "Slug" do his tricks. This particular freak liked to eat things, everything from lightbulbs, to live crickets and worms. Almost ready to faint myself, Erik helped me walk away to buy our official concert T-shirts and head back up to our blanket. Stunned and amazed, we walked away with stories for our friends and ideas for tricks to perform at the next backyard get-together.

After our purchases were made, we went to the blanket to catch our breath. Ice Cube was just finishing up, and we were getting ready for the band Erik and I wanted to see most, Ministry. Ministry is the hardest, most destructive-sounding band on the face of the Earth. Everybody at the concert knew that, and they were getting excited about them. I had already seen so many strange sights, but the next half hour would be the hardest to comprehend.

After Ice Cube left, the crowd erupted in senseless, violent joy. The mosh pit, that had disappeared during Ice Cube's set, had once again met in the middle of the pavilion and people started slamming into one another without any musical accompaniment. Then a food fight erupted, and the area around me was a hail storm of spit, meat, and beer. My once-subdued nearly collapsing body was now standing up, hurling Oreo cookies and shouting profanities for some unknown reason. And just when I thought things could not get any more intense, they did. Someone must have run out of food, because they decided to lift up a square foot of sod and hurl it into the mosh pit. The mosh pit retaliated, and thus, a huge grass fight ensued. The pavilion was stripped chunk by chunk as the pieces of sod became airborne. The entire concert hall became involved, including the snobs who had the money and right connections to get box seats. Erik said it looked like a scene out of "Lord of the Flies." I said it looked like an invasion of thousands of vampire caterpillars. And then Ministry came on, and things became magnified one hundredfold.

Erik and I rushed down to the walkway that separates the pavilion from the box seats in order to get a better look at Ministry. As we ran down the hill, dodging huge pieces of flying sod, we passed many security guards with worried looks on their faces; their shiny badges meant nothing in this situation. Once again, chaos had prevailed over order.

Once we got to the walkway, Dave and I gasped at the sights we saw. Ministry was out on the stage crunching out their unofficial theme song, "Stigmata", while a huge, dinosaur skeleton stood in the background. In between the band and the skeleton were three women dressed in metal lingerie, with the woman in the middle also wearing a pair of metal claws. To see this in plain view was amazing, to see this with sod flying everywhere and a crowd of people moshing in the fairground ahead of us made the scene truly awesome. As the song screeched on, people started to throw sod at the band, making Pine Knob a genuine place

of anarchy. I thought to myself, "Why, after all of this, why should I return back to the boring life of mall culture? There are no rules here; there is no need for rules anymore!"

Once again, I was proven wrong. After the song ended, Al Jourgeson, the lead singer of Ministry, threatened to leave the stage, calling the crowd every name in the book. He told us to quit ruining Pine Knob and to quit throwing sod on stage because he was not going to put up with it. Miraculously, the war was ended by the few words of some dreadlocked punk. The irony was that Mr. Jourgeson was wearing a T-shirt with the word "Anarchy" written on it. He only seemed to be a true anarchist, but when the going got tough, he could not handle it. I suppose he only believes that anarchy is good only when it benefits his own personal desires. And as the band played on, and as I beat the hell out of two guys from Canada in one of the smaller mosh pits, I found true enlightenment. I looked up to the sky through a ceiling of arms and legs and stared into the eyes of God. It was then that I realized that there are different ways to affect people other than money and governmental positions. I also understood that we could not survive without some form of government despite how atrocious or ineffective it is. Then I got hit on the side of the head with a small piece of sod and hip checked another Canadian into the muddy ruins of Pine Knob's pavilion.

After Ministry finished, Dave and I limped up to where our blanket lay. Everyone around us was muddy and out of breath and exhausted from the musical workout a la Ministry. My body was hurting, but inside I was smiling. I lay on the blanket, closed my eyes and smiled. All of my so called "rebellious" friends got their kicks by smoking pot or getting drunk. I laughed at them. I laughed because I had never taken part in their stupid games, and I was the only one who did anything rebellious or alternative. I would take the lesbian dancers and the sod fight any day over a Saturday night buzz and a Sunday morning hangover. Not only would I enjoy the experience more, but I would also remember it for the rest of my life. As the sun was setting, there was a dawn taking place inside of me.

After a dinner made from the food we did not throw and another tour of the fairgrounds (we were looking for the information booths, but ended up considering getting the bridges of our noses pierced), Erik and I prepared for the performance of Lollapalooza's headlining band, the Red Hot Chili Peppers. The sky was a beautiful shade of blue, accented with tiny stars everywhere. The aura of Pine Knob was glowing in happiness. The Chili Peppers bring out the perverted silliness in everyone much like Ministry brings out destruction. The sky was getting darker and the stadium lights went out in synchronicity with the brighter, more colorful stage lights. The crowd was cheering, and my body rose to exert the last of its energy to the punk-funk sounds of the Red Hot Chili Peppers.

Jumping around like the idiot I am, my limp body found new happiness in knowing that the perfect day was coming to a close. There was not any self-righteous message or any overtones of hatred in the Chili Pepper's music; it was

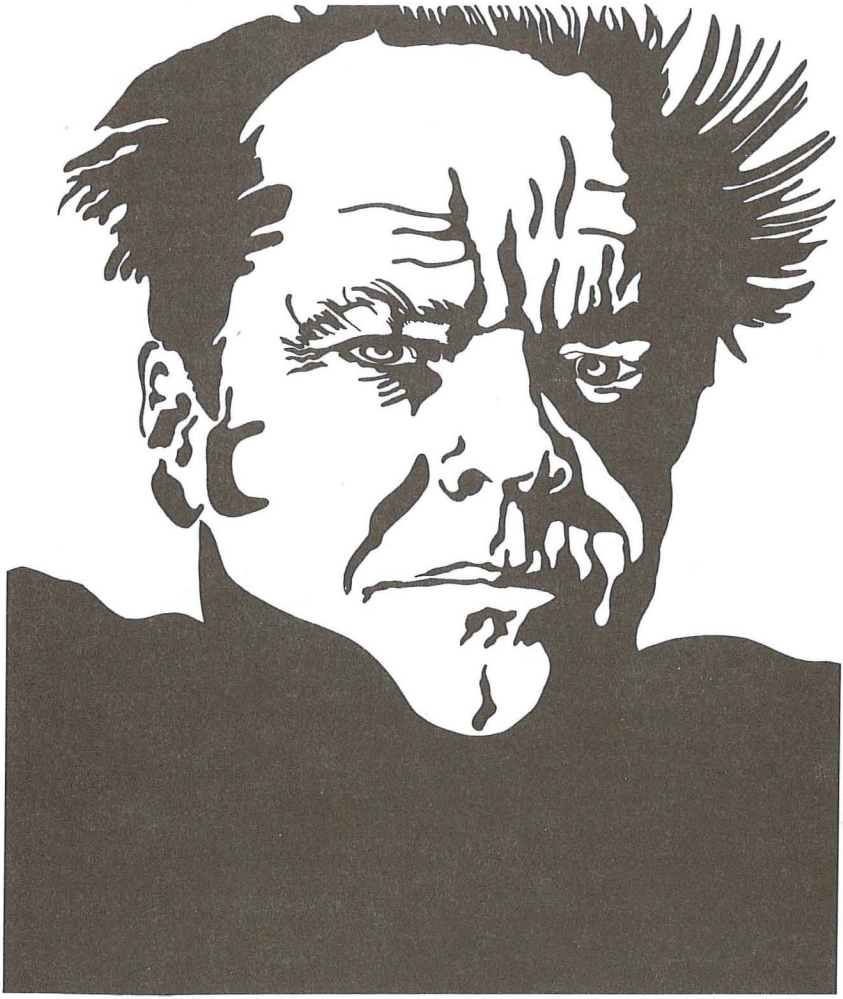
just plain fun set to the bounce of a bass guitar. It was over too fast, and I had to say goodbye to Annie and Doug so I could catch a ride home with Erik and his parents. I drove away from Pine Knob not knowing if I should laugh or cry.

I fell asleep in the back seat of Erik's parents' BMW listening to a tape of Frank Sinatra. As I was dozing off, I saw Erik's mother look in the rearview mirror and ask one of those typical motherly question, "Erik, how did you and Mike get so dirty?" she asked.

Neither of us answered, but we both knew the answer. That dirt on our shirts was about being young: feeling silly, feeling hatred, feeling alienated, getting angry, getting horny, and getting even. Until then, the dirt spots had only stained our souls, now it covered every square inch of us. Lollapalooza had been nicknamed "The All Day Sucker"; indeed it was. Lollapalooza was like tasting a lollipop for the very first time -- strange new flavors entering my body and altering my soul forever by unleashing a need that was never known before but I always knew I had. Everyone is hungry for these flavors and everyone is a slave to his particular appetite, but only Lollapalooza can stop the famine of everyday life.

EPILOGUE:

...before I knew it, the aliens put my soul back into place. I ran home and watched television on my couch for the rest of the night. I grew sleepy and began to close my eyes. I looked at the home entertainment unit, I looked at the warm fire crackling before my eyes, I looked at myself bundled up in warm blankets, and I took in the potpourri-laiden atmosphere -- none of the comforts of the middle class could equal the intoxication of traveling through space like my extra-terrestrial friends. I can only hope to relive those feelings again.



JACK IS BACK
Laura Ashley

Windows to the Soul: Film Critique of Rain Man

by Laura L. Monte

Although Rain Man was a theatrical portrayal of two lives brought together by circumstances, it also had hidden messages that supported the characters' growing process through its setting. From the beginning of the movie the scenery and settings collaborate with the story being told. Without those settings it would be difficult for the movie to convey the feelings of both Charlie and Raymond. For someone to get the full meaning of the movie an awareness of the settings is an important necessity.

One of the most important settings in the movie comes about because when Charlie was taking Raymond from Wallbrook to Los Angeles, Raymond would not fly or travel on the open highway. This turned what should have been a three hour trip into a six day journey. If this had not happened the bonding between Charlie and Raymond would not have been possible. During this time Charlie and Raymond crossed many bridges. Each time they did cross a bridge, I felt it was also signifying the bridges they were crossing as their relationship progressed.

On their journey Charlie and Raymond had to stop several times for the night. The hotel rooms seem to play a significant role to the underlying meaning of the movie. At the first hotel Charlie's room was separated form Raymond's room by a long hallway. I felt this represented the distance in their relationship at the beginning of the movie. As the relationship progresses throughout the movie and Charlie and Raymond became closer also.

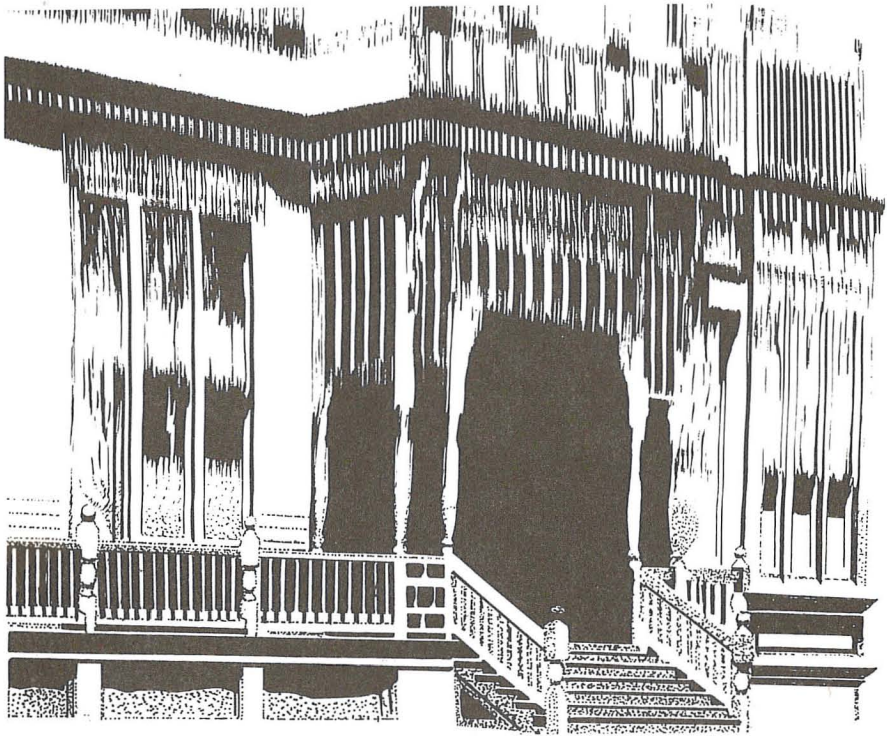
Distance is also represented by the telephone lines shown during the movie. Charlie was always on the phone in the hotels at the beginning of this movie. It seemed as if he could only communicate his feelings and thoughts through a phone line and most of the conversations he had were loud and demanding. As his relationship with Raymond became stronger the phone conversations became calmer and less and less important to Charlie.

The windows shown during the movie also have a significance to the meaning. During the movie Charlie remembers seeing Raymond taken away from his house when he was young. Charlie watched Raymond through a window as he was driven away and Charlie said, "bye bye Rain Man bye bye." The last scene was of Charlie watching Raymond through the window of the train as he is going back to Wallbrook. Windows seemed to have different meanings throughout the movie. Whenever Raymond was frightened he would go towards a window as if it were a way for him to escape. There is a saying that the eyes are the windows to the soul. I believe that we saw the soul of both Charlie and Raymond as we watched their lives unravel through the windows.

I feel the most important part of the setting to convey the underlying meaning of the movie was the water. The whole reason that Charlie and Raymond were separated when Charlie was young was that Raymond burnt Charlie while he was

taking a bath. If Raymond would not have almost scalded Charlie with the hot water they might never have been separated. The water seemed to follow the mood of the movie. When Charlie was at his father's house after he learned he was not getting what he expected from his father's will, Charlie was standing next to a mucky pool. Charlie's life was turned up side down. At Wallbrook, the ground had a crystal clear pond with ducks swimming freely and Raymond was peaceful and happy but he always seemed to try to distance himself form the water. This was very apparent when Raymond would not go outside if it was raining. Just as Charlie changed throughout the movie Raymond also changed. This was obvious when Raymond, who was afraid of the rain, was able to drive through the spray of the fountains in Las Vegas.

Rain Man is a story of two very different brothers separated at a young age and reunited many years later when their father dies. The reunion of these two young men causes both of them to change, to grow and to become, not only different, but better because of their relationship with each other. The settings of this movie, the road trip, the hotel rooms, the bridges, the telephones, the windows, and the water, all are very important in the understanding of the changes that take place in each of the two men. Without these essential elements, the deep meaning of this story would not have been as vividly conveyed.



STRETCHED
Laura Seely

Past Decisions
by Natalie Cook

The third week of August I made several trips to and from the registration office. My goal was to make sure that I would be in one of Mrs. Stimpson's English 101 classes. I wanted to write this semester to give myself the courage to heal. I hoped that this class would give me the opportunity and the conviction to say what I have been holding inside for a very long time. On Thursday, September 12, 1991, Mrs. Stimpson asked the class to write a narrative on an event that had happened to us that had an effect on our lives. She finished asking for the paper and began to describe what she wanted. My mind began to wander. I could hear her voice in the background, yet my mind wasn't paying attention. It is amazing the way our lives are controlled by the events that take place in an ordinary day. Deciding to do something or not to do it can change not only your life, but affect someone else's. A decision I made when I was four years old, on whether or not I was going to the playground has brought me to this class on a Thursday in September.

I can see myself as I was back then in the summer of '65. My hair was parted down the center and pulled into two plaits on the side of my head. On the end of these plaits were butterfly barrettes. My hair had been pressed so straight that it looked like I was bald-headed until these two long plaits came off the sides. My bangs were curled under, perfectly even. My dress was of a soft yellow cotton, very clean, and ironed just right. My mother was a perfectionist. If I were to get one speck of dirt on my dress, she would have made me come in and change into something clean.

On this day my sister, DarDar, and I were over visiting her father and stepbrothers and stepsisters. Everyone had decided to go to the playground about four blocks away. I had turned to Andre, my sister's oldest stepbrother, and asked him if he was going. He said no, that he was staying at home. Then he asked me if I wanted to stay with him. Immediately I said yes. At sixteen Andre was fun to be around. Besides, he treated me like a big person not like a stupid kid. But I wasn't an ordinary kid. I was very bright for my age and also more mature than most four year olds.

We were on the enclosed front porch watching the other kids leave. As soon as they turned the first corner, Andre turned to me and suggested I follow him. I was delighted. Sometimes we would go out into the back yard and pick apples from the many apple trees behind the house. We would then lay on the grass and look up into the sky and imagine what each cloud resembled. Sometimes a train would be passing by on the tracks that were only about 100 yards away. They lived on 16th near Beard Street. They were the last house closest to the railroad track that ran perpendicular to 16th.

Before we were past the house, Andre turned to the garage that wasn't attached to the house. I had never been in there before as it had been off limits to us younger kids. But Andre was allowed inside, and he took the key out of his pocket and unlocked the side door.

I had stopped, knowing that I wasn't allowed inside of the garage. Andre turned to me and beckoned me to follow him. I had always been a good kid. I had learned early in life that I was supposed to do as my elders said with no questions asked.

When my mother had worked, my sister's drunken father was supposed to watch her and me. But he would leave me, a four year old, in charge of my one year old sister from one to six hours. When my mother found out, she approached my sister's father about his leaving me to care for us. Even now I can see the drunken anger as he hit her while screaming at her in a slurred voice that she wasn't supposed to question him. He said I did what I was told and everything was fine. James, my sister's father, regularly beat my mother. Later when she came out of their bedroom, she sat me down and told me what I needed to do to take care of us safely. She drilled me on how important it was that I did exactly as I was told. She was the sole support of our family, so she had to work. I learned early there are horrible consequences for not doing what you are told or for doing what you were not supposed to do.

So when I balked at enter in the garage, Andre assured me it was all right to come inside the garage because he was with me. I entered with eyes opened wide to see in the gloom; I began to see ordinary things in the garage. He closed the door after me and locked it. He reached out to guide me in the dark until my eyes became adjusted to the little bit of light coming through the dirty window.

I clung to his hand because I was a little afraid. His hand on my arm was very comforting. He led me to a corner that was not covered with tools and broken chairs and began to pull me to the floor. I began to worry about getting my dress dirty. Andre knew that I wasn't supposed to get dirty, so I stopped worrying about it.

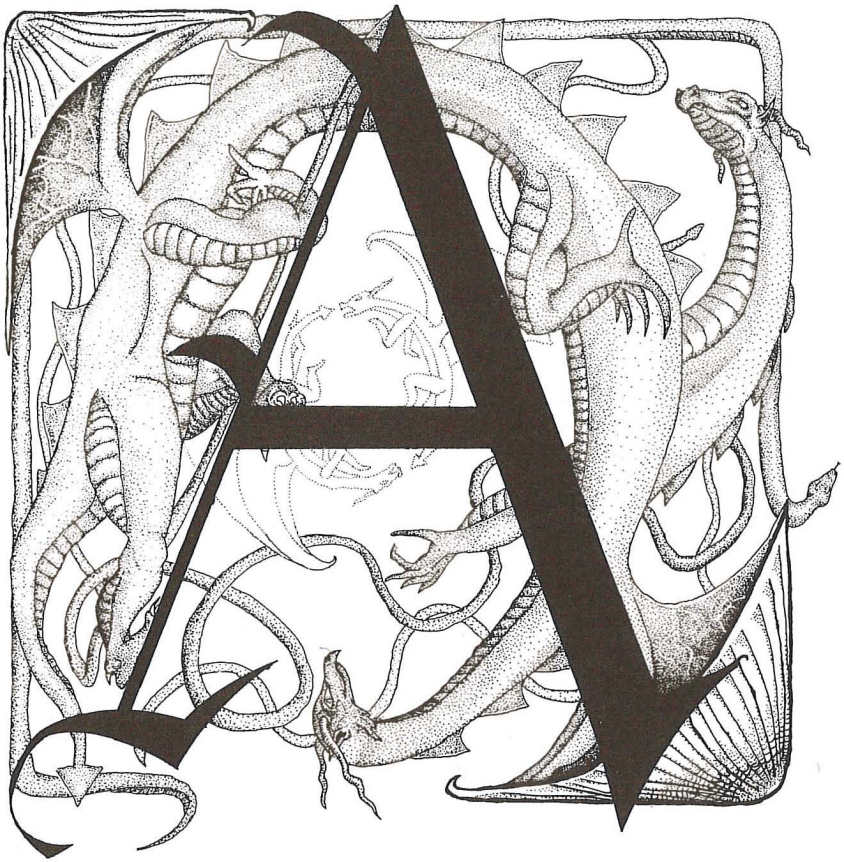
He pulled up my dress so that the inside of it was now facing outward. He lifted me and put me gently on my back. I then felt his hands touching my face, chest, and legs. I wondered what new game this was we were going to play. He then began to pull my tights down and off of my legs. I didn't feel scared until the feel of the cold cement floor under my buttocks began to seep inside of my body. Then the cold of the cement seemed to match the fear beginning to grip my stomach.

However, I wasn't afraid of Andre until I felt something thick and firm touch my thighs. I lifted my head to see what it was, and he put his arm around my shoulders and leaned over me. His other hand was around the thing, and he was rubbing it up and down my thighs. He spread my legs apart and pushed the thing against my vagina. In contrast to the cold of the floor, the thing he was rubbing against me was hot. I didn't think I was going to like this game.

Suddenly tears sprang to my eyes as he tried to push the hot thing into my vagina. PAIN! DON'T HURT ME! I began pushing myself backwards trying to get away from the pain. But the pain followed me as he moved with me. My mind was screaming, "STOP! IT HURTS! DON'T DO THAT!" But there was no sound coming from my mouth. Inside of my tiny chest my heart was beating furiously with fear. I thought I was going to die from the pain. Nothing I did was going to stop him. I could hear his breath rattling in his throat, and I was sure a monster had gotten me. Just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, his movements became wilder, and the pain increased. I began to whimper from the atrocious pain. Tears were cascading down the sides of my face. I closed my eyes tightly hoping if I wished it away the pain would leave. When it didn't, I could feel the cold form the floor invading the deepest recesses of my soul. Something inside of me froze solid. I no longer felt the pain. I began to ride the crest of my tears as they erupted from the corners of my eyes and cascaded over my cheek bones. I landed in the puddle of tears which had pooled inside my ears. The puddles were rippling from my body shaking with pain as well as the thrusting movements of Andre.

He made a sound deep in his throat, and I came back to the pain of the present. As I listened to the sounds coming from him, I knew for sure that a monster was in the garage with me. The monster squeezed me tight, and I felt him shudder. Gooey stuff was sliding between my legs. His grasp loosened as he rolled off me and lay beside me breathing irregularly. I lay there in pain and fear unable to move until he began to wipe the gooey stuff off of my legs and my vagina, and I flinched with pain. He then picked me up like a rag doll and put my tights on and brushed my dress back into place. Either he didn't notice or didn't care about the way I stood there silently yielding to his fixing of my clothes.

When he felt sure there were no signs of what he had done, he turned towards the door and walked over to it. I followed quietly behind him as he unlocked the door and walked out. Everything was the same as before we went into the garage. The apple trees were still near the house. The sun was still shining and warm, but not warm enough to melt the block of ice inside of me. As we reached the front porch and went in, the blank dead look in my eyes stayed there as I sat in a chair. Andre picked up my doll I had left on the porch, and put it in my arms before going into the house. I looked down at my doll, but I couldn't fathom why it was there. The sound of children's voices brought my head up slowly. The kids were returning from the park. I knew I would never go to a park again as a child. How I wish I had gone with them.



THE FIRST RETTEL
Kevin J. Erickson

A Comparison and Contrast of "To Lucasta" and "Dulce et Decorum Est"

by Sarah Prout

"To Lucasta" by Richard Lovelace and "Dulce et Decorum Est" by Wilfred Owen deal with the same topic: war. Both reveal an attitude toward combat. The speaker in "To Lucasta" feels positive about his upcoming venture into war. "Dulce et Decorum Est" is bitter toward battle.

"To Lucasta" uses words with positive connotations. For example, he compares war to a new mistress. The word mistress implies pleasure without responsibility. The speaker enters into battle but does not face the consequence of causing death.

The speaker tells his sweetheart not to resent his new "mistress" because if he did not love honor he would not be able to cherish her. Thus war is a test of the best in a character. It is the equivalent to true love. Throughout the poem Lovelace emphasizes this through word choice. Not only is war the speaker's new love, it arouses "faith" in the "embrace" of the weapons of conquest - a "sword" a "horse", and a "shield." These implements are indicative of chivalry and valor. If the poet had used terms such as catapult, crossbow and boiling pitch the tone would not be as favorable toward war. Lovelace chooses words with positive implications.

Through the use of capitalization and alliteration, Lovelace further emphasizes his approval for armed combat. Three words are capitalized in the middle of "To Lucasta". They are sweet, dear, and honor. The first two words refer to the speaker's mortal lover, the last to his personal code of ethics. Honor is the last capitalized word, because it takes precedence over the first two words. Placed last, it is the last word the reader remembers. Two examples of alliteration stress the importance and glory the speaker attributes to war. The first example of alliteration in stanza two centers on the word mistress. "New" and "Now" surround mistress, stressing the immediacy of that word. The alliteration modifies mistress giving it pre-eminence in the poem. Similarly, "first," "foe", "field", and "faith" in lines six and seven all refer to the upcoming struggle. This example of alliteration demonstrates the importance of battle because the repetition of f's draws attention to those words.

Conversely, Wilfred Owen uses allusion, word choice and connotation to display his savage anger at the wastes of war.

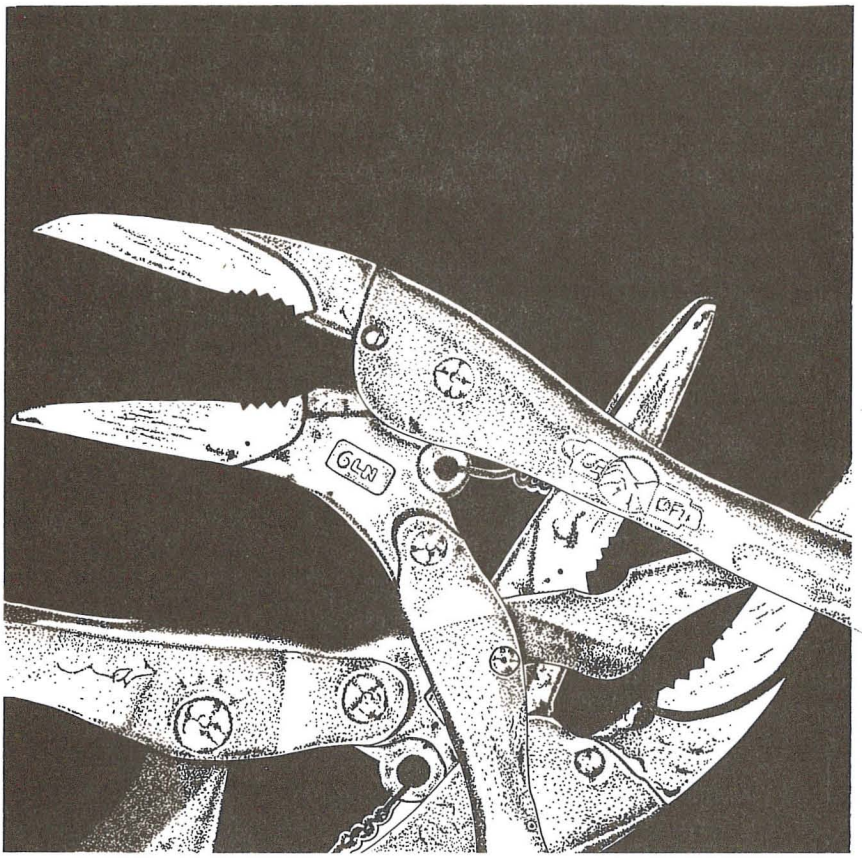
The title of Wilfred Owen's antiwar poem is "Dulce et Decorum Est". "Dulce et Decorum Est" is an allusion to the writings of the Latin poet Horace. Translated it means "it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country". Owen uses it ironically in the title to point out the contrast between the idealization of war as a noble, shining experience and the realities of World War I. The first world war was brutal.

The use of mortars and mustard gas prevented individual honorable combat. It was a war of armies not individuals. Death was not glorious. It was ugly and often without purpose. In the last two lines Owen uses the allusion to create a statement. Owen is blunt. He writes that Dulce et Decorum Est is an old lie. Owen moves from the particular of World War I to the general of all past wars with his choice of the word "old". Owen's condemnation of one war becomes a statement against all war.

Owen uses specific word choice throughout "Dulce et Decorum Est" to emphasize the anguish of war. For example, words such as "coughing like hags" create images of pain ridden men turned old in their youth. The term "hag" erases all masculinity from these soldiers. The war has turned them into old women. The words "knock kneed", "limped" "blood-shod", "blind," "drunk," "deaf" and "tired" connote physical pain, incapacitation or insensibility. This stresses the dehumanization inherent in war. In the second stanza the last three words are most prominent in demonstrating Owen's theme on the horror of war. The man Owen describes in the second stanza dies "guttering", "choking" and "drowning". There is no honor for him, no glory in a valorous death. Instead he dies like an animal drowning in his own bodily fluids created by the decay caused by large quantities of mustard gas.

Finally, Owen hammers home his message by the use of "Dulce et Decorum Est" and words such as "obscene", "vile", "incurable" and "bitter" in the third stanza to stress that war is revolting to the body and the spirit and that there is nothing beautiful, honorable or good about killing.

Although both "To Lucasta" and "Dulce et Decorum Est" display themes about war, their message is very different. "To Lucasta" purports that war is a vehicle for the realization of the best in man while "Dulce et Decorum Est" emphasizes the degradation of humanity in battle.



DUAL
Roseann Clark

Campus Can Collector
by Rachelle Davis

He stumbled in
to the circle of students,
uneducated, without work,
without a change of clothes.

He staggered in.
He did not walk in like the warm, jovial students
that surround him.

Snot is running from his nose,
hair too long, brimming his
slumped shoulders beneath a
dirty, mishapen, knit cap.

His eyes icy with winter's tears,
harsh winds abrasive on his bristled cheeks,
like a razor too dull to cut, but quite sharp to irritate.

Students do not look up; they've seen him before.
They talk, study, play, and he looks longingly.

His eyes wander toward the cafeteria,
hunger furrows his brow
and contempt etches his forehead
as his blistered hands fondle empty, soiled pockets.

He searches for empty cans
but finds a new box in the corner of the building.
It says, "Deposit returnables here."
To him, it says, "There is nothing here for you."
"We will not give to you what we ourselves can have."

Headlines of the college paper blurt the secret he never knew,
Undesirables Roaming Campus
Security to get rid of all persons not associated with campus

His lips purse, and he takes the gloves from his battered hands,
sits and muses at the print.
Soaking in heat, light, dreams echoing around him
yet so far away.

Security politely asks him to leave,
and he stands,
tucks his fingers behind the worn holes of his gloves,
flings his home across his back,
tugs his too-small cap over his ears.

He gives one last longing glance at the cafeteria,
at the box for returnables,
at the students
and staggers towards the door,
the winter,
the careless sidewalks,
outside the circle of students
who have so little to worry about.

Take These Broken Wings
by Roy Seeger

"Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise."

(John Lennon/Paul McCartney)

It was one of those picture book autumn evenings. The breeze was just enough to make the humid dusk bearable and the trees shed their leaves only to have them gently float to the rich earth, clothing it with a crisp brown layer that cracked with the slightest footfall. The surrounding golden forest was alive with natural sounds creating a certain harmony found only in nature.

The sounds stilled, and even the wind seemed to hold its breath as we emerged from a woodland path into a clearing. It was my birthday. My parents had just taken me out to dinner, and now we were taking the shortcut home. I never would have gone, having other plans, but mom begged me. How could I refuse?

The leaves snapped with their steps as I lagged behind, trying to prove to anyone watching that I was alone. I stopped to listen for birds singing or anything to break the unnatural silence, waiting, pretending to hear an imagined song, only to be greeted by the somber snapping of leaves and twigs that rang like a death march in my ears.

The fight we had just had was the worst yet. Lately though, as I grew older, they always were. Usually it would start because of such trivial things as leaving the light on, or not folding the towels correctly after my shower. He would lecture me on the electric bill or wet towels to which I'd reply by rolling my eyes, only making him angrier. Then he'd chastise me because of my alleged ignorance or attitude, to which I'd agree with poisonous sarcasm, causing him to explode. By this time my mother, bless her soul, was between us trying to negotiate the peace. So it went, and so I imagined, it would always be.

He was constantly demeaning me in obvious ways. Everything I did was in defiance of him, or so he thought. Once, when I mentioned at the dinner table that my art teacher said I had a chance for a full art scholarship, he answered with disgust, speaking of foolish dreams. It was when I firmly stated my desire to continue my artistic studies that he exploded, spraying chicken and rice over everything and everyone. He screamed of my defiance of him and how 'his house meant his rules.' I stormed into my room and locked the door. Couldn't he understand that I was just being myself?

My train of thought mercifully was interrupted by a sound deep in the trees. There was a faint pounding, a distant murmur as if a heart beat originating from deep within the forest. I scanned the shadows, searching for the source of the insistent throbbing, only to discover, floating the branches of a birch tree, twin flaming orbs glaring at me with a burning intensity.

The beating grew stronger, taking on a life of its own as the dark form perched on the branch took to the sky with graceful ease. The still night air seemed stagnate as I struggled for my next breath. The eyes flew on wings of midnight as, glowing with energy, they neared me. My heart beat like a kettle drum, mimicking, the rhythmic pounding in my head.

Abruptly my senses dulled. It was as if I were under water. My breath hardened and the beating reduced to an insistent murmur. The trees turned to rubber and grew bent and distorted, as if viewed through a carnival mirror, and the ground rippled where I stepped, giving an impression much like walking on water. The air grew so thick that breathing was impossible, and the all-too-clear eyes heated my blood to a boil. My senses overwhelmed me and I collapsed on the forest floor with a silent thud.

Looking up, I noticed my all-but-forgotten father in his drab green utility pants and wild eyes. His distorted mouth gave him an intense look of insanity, while Mom, although trying to calm him, was also visibly upset. I looked down in my hands, but to my horror they were hands that might once have been human but now were curled and disfigured to look like raven's claws.

Glancing again at my parents, I saw my mother staring out into space open mouthed... but that look in my father's eyes... His face contorted with rage and in his eyes burned twin flames of sheer hatred. He quickly closed the distance to me with menacing intent. My head throbbed as I glanced at my dark feathered arm.

I ran. My father chased after, nearly catching me in my confused state. He pitched a stone that whistled inches wide of my head. Falling to the earth, I madly scrambled into the overgrown underbrush, breaking recklessly through branches and spiderwebs alike, but I could still feel my father close behind.

Claw-like toes tore through my worn sneakers, freeing my feet, giving me a surer foothold on the loose forest soil. Breaking into a clearing, I easily outdistanced him with the aid of my wings. Gasping for breath he scooped up another stone and wildly hurled it, striking my left shoulder. I toppled brokenly in the damp grass. With a fear born of desperation, I rushed to my feet and pumped my legs like so many pistons, all the while beating my wings painfully hard, attempting to put more distance between me and the madness. Looking down at my feet, I realized that I had taken to the air. I tumbled awkwardly, completing my transformation. My father stood staring, dumbfounded as I circled above, gaining confidence. He immediately fell to the ground clawing, in search of more stones.

The pain I felt, although present, was no longer dominant as new sensations emerged and waves of freedom washed over me. I could feel the wind and taste the breeze. Flying high above the towering trees I could see mile of forest. It was beautiful.

Circling, I caught a brisk western wind soaring into the setting sun, when out in a clearing I spied my mother sitting a tree stump with her head in her hands. Curious I circled towards her, trying for a better look.

As she looked up, staring into the twilight, I shot like an arrow into the pale full moon. I was free! Free at last! This day my life would finally begin. To this day, I still can't think of that last image without feeling a little dead inside. It was the first I had ever seen my mother cry.



RIBBON ROSE
Nancy Ketcham



YAMATO-E
Roseann Clark

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